

The Gateway

A Merry Christmas



"God bless us everyone,"
said Tiny Tim

PRESIDENT'S OFFICE



CABLE ADDRESS: "VERA"
CODE A.B.C. (10th ed.)

EDMONTON, December 10th, 1935.
ALBERTA, CANADA

It has been said that we are born to be happy, all of us. Certainly there is no more universal human desire. As each year rolls to its close, we think of our friends and wish again for them a season of joy at Christmas and a year of happiness to follow. We can crave for them nothing better.

But not as a great task of happiness! It comes not through conscious striving, not as a duty to fulfil, but freely and gayly and without taking thought. It bloweth where it listeth. But a mind well occupied, an interest in people and things outside ourselves, a knack of doing the little unremembered acts of kindness, a feeling that ours is the most absorbing of all possible worlds—these things make for happiness.

After all, it probably defies analysis. It is none the less real. May every one of the readers of The Gateway have a joyous Christmas and a very happy New Year!

Rob. C. Walker



THE STUDENTS' UNION
UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA



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As the Christmas season approaches it finds us, as is usual in the case of University students, the victims of many and varied emotions. On the one hand we have the anticipation of relief from the ordered existence of days filled with lectures and labs. On the other hand there is the strain and worry necessarily connected with mid-year exams.

But nothing can stop Christmas from being a season of cheer and festivity, even for harried undergraduates. It is a season of home-coming, of family reunions, of exchange of gifts. It is a season when cares, dislikes, enmities slip into the background and are forgotten for a short week or two. "Peace on earth, goodwill toward men" is the feeling throughout the world.

With this in mind, I take great pleasure in wishing every member of the Students' Union a very Merry Christmas and the Happiest of New Years.

E. E. Bishop



1935

Christmas Crackers, Paper Hats Enliven Christmas Banquet

Residences Hold Annual Banquet in Athabasca Hall

Students in residence were the guests of the House Committees last Saturday at the Annual Christmas Banquet. Some four hundred students and members of the Faculty were present. Athabasca Hall, under the guiding hands of the Pembinites, assumed a festive atmosphere, with a tall stately Christmas tree gayly decorated with brightly colored lights dominating the scene, and the long lines of tables with their white linen and gleaming silver proving an effective background for the red and green decorations and candles. After the delightful meal had been cleared away, Gurth O'Brien, toastmaster, rose and proposed the toast to the King. Everybody drank and settled back to be entertained by Dave Ho Lem and his guitar. This proved very popular, and Dave was called back three times.

Miss Patricia Parker proposed a toast to The University, Dr. Wallace responding. In his short reply, the President voiced his regrets that Dr. H. M. Tory, first president of the University, was unable to be present at the banquet, as it would have been a treat indeed for most of the students who have come to the University since Dr. Tory left. Dr. Wallace commented on the ability to handle buns—we wonder if he had no ulterior motive in mentioning this fact, as the buns were well handled by some, although the aim was not at all good—and closed on a note well suited to the occasion. He mentioned the delights of returning home for the holidays and suggested that parents were just as glad to have their sons and daughters home as the students were to get home. He suggested that students take the opportunity offered them to make the Christmas holiday one of good cheer and happiness for the folks at home.

Mr. O'Brien then called on Miss Margaret Hutton for a solo. The toast to The Ladies was proposed by Mr. Tom Clarke in his own inimitable way, using flowery language and much pedantry. Bouquets and brickbats were flying at a great rate, and every man in the room rose to drink to the Pembinites. Miss Barbara Adams replied to the charges and compliments of Mr. Clarke, and she scored a decisive victory when she declared that a man's head was made like a doorknob, it was so easily turned. Following this toast, two co-eds, Miss Catherine and Helen Rose, entertained the students with a violin duet. The banquet broke up to the strains of Auld Lang Syne. When the tables and chairs had been removed, Milt Edwards and his Variety Orchestra took charge, and the students disported themselves on the dance floor for the rest of the evening. The dance started quite sedately, but not for long was it thus. Everybody was enjoying themselves immensely, and it only took one refrain of "My Girl She is a Queen" to really start things humming. From then on the hilarity of the evening gained momentum, and although there was lots of noise there was no rowdiness. We thank the House Committee for the splendid time.

TUCK SCENE OF ESCAPE

Law Student, Losing Wager,
Chases Peanut With
His Nose

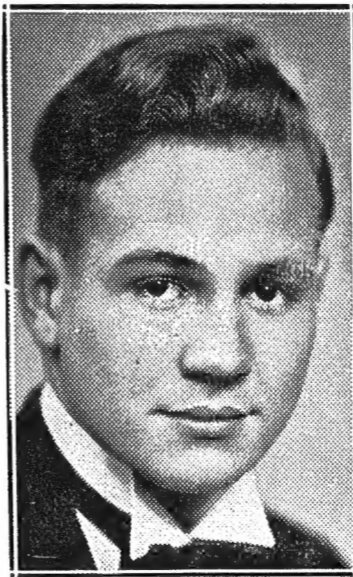
There is a man in our midst. A man who lacks neither daring nor a sense of humor. He suffers no false sense of modesty, and believes in honorably discharging all wagers lost by him. He is tall, dark, well-built and quite popular. Such a man is Donald P. McLaws. It is of him we speak when we say these things. It seems the Law Library held a moot court on Friday, Dec. 13—a fateful day!—and engaged in this court were two youths of sterling qualities. In friendly rivalry they made a pact, solemnly avowed, and luridly agreed upon. The loser of the moot was to appear in Varsity Tuck Shop at 10 p.m. Friday, clad only in those garments normally worn when one catches the "Sleepy Town Express" or journeys into the land of dreams—a suit of pyjamas. Clad, we repeat, only in pyjamas, he was to push a peanut along the floor of the Tuck Shop with his nose, using no other means of locomotion than the aforementioned "schnozzle," and travelling from one end of Tuck to the other. Blimey was sore afraid that he would be the one on whom would fall such a task, and foresooth, his stooges and public might object to seeing their hero grovelling in the dust (no slur is intended on the state of the floors of Tuck) and bowing and scraping before a cheering throng of students. And so, with modest countenance, Blimey outdid himself, and it fell to the lot of Don to appear in such an uncompromising situation. Blimey was at hand, ah yes; Blimey and several hundred unidentified Chinamen were there (Frank Swanson and his ten unidentified Indians were nowhere in sight), and exactly on the stroke of ten Don appeared. Tension ran high as he prepared himself for the strife. Quickly doffing his bath robe, he stood resplendent in brown pyjamas, broadcloth, we think, with genuine no-bind waist-band. He slipped to his knees and offered up a prayer of supplication. A peanut was produced and ferociously he attacked it. But that there peanut was more elusive than peanuts are supposed to be, or else Don's nose proved more of a hazard than expected, for lo and behold, the peanut suddenly came to life and fled before the onslaught, helped on its journey by that proboscis. With dizzying accuracy it was driven along the floor, and the speed was terrific. True, once or twice impending tragedy caused gasps from the onlookers, as the peanut skittered out of range or slid off to the side. But Don was not a man to be so easily beaten, and by a mere peanut at that. Oh, no! He just followed after that peanut and arrived hot and dusty in places, at the other end of the Tuck Shop. His marvellous performance was acclaimed by all, and the management presented our hero with a token of esteem for meritorious deeds. Was Blimey's face red when he saw that Don was being rewarded rather than censured for his action? Was the villain of the piece heard to murmur, "He loses the moot and wins all those things"? We do not know, but we do know that Don exclaimed, "Next time I'll study for my moot."

WANTED

A director for the University Spring Play. Apply to Miss B. Mason, 11137 89th Ave., before Jan. 6, 1936, stating qualifications, experience, and honorarium expected.

Windup line: in current Newman club mimeograph release: "Exams are coming. Be on the right side of the Lord."—Minnesota Daily.

DIRECTOR



"BLIMEY" HUTTON

Director of the Evergreen and Gold for 1936, who has a message for you.

STUDENTS, ATTENTION!

In response to repeated requests, floods of pictures have been pouring into the Year Book office, but it is brought to the attention of all students that in order to have a picture included in a class, you must first be a member of that class. A large number of students handing in photos have not as yet paid their class fees, and so will not be included in the Year Book unless these are paid. Any of the class executives will be glad to take your fees before Friday, but unless they are paid before the holidays your picture will not appear in the Year Book. Get busy!

MUSIC CLUB HEARS MRS. BROADUS

The University Musical Club held its regular meeting on Sunday afternoon at 3:30 in Athabasca Hall, there being about forty-five present. The President, Dr. MacEachran, was in the chair. The subject for the afternoon was "A Background for Casella," a most interesting paper being presented by Mrs. E. K. Broadus.

Casella may be taken as the symbol of all the nameless early Italian musicians of the thirteenth century. He was a singer and composer of such power, charm and beauty of voice that he attained immortality in Dante's "Paradise Lost," changing Purgatory into a temporary Paradise while he sang and played. Dante and Casella were contemporaries who lived in Florence, a city renowned for art, literature, architecture and music. Traces of this still remain in the Florentine churches and monasteries. Florence itself is a beautiful setting for art, and here music was placed first of the seven arts, and foremost among the sciences. Music was regarded as the symbol of the Harmony of Creation, and as such it played a very important part in the monasteries and churches. This was shown at the previous meeting on Gregorian Chant. All modes, however, were used here. It was in such a setting that Casella lived.

Following the paper, a number of lantern slides were projected. These showed Florence, the monasteries and churches, and the beautiful "Singing Galleries" which they contain. These galleries are beautifully decorated by sculptured figures playing musical instruments, singing and dancing. The attention to beauty and detail indicate the artistic temperament of that period. Those present could not help feeling the mastery Mrs. Broadus had of her subject, and are awaiting an opportunity of hearing her again.

At the close of the meeting Dr. MacEachran announced that the Hart House Quartet, so eagerly looked forward to, will be in Edmonton on Monday, January 13th, 1936.

SANTA CLAUS VISITS PEMBINA

Girls in Pembina received a surprise visit from dear St. Nicholas himself on Sunday night, when everybody was gathered around the Christmas tree in Pembina rotunda. The old gent, all dressed up in his red outfit, complete with snow-white whiskers, but looking amazingly young and virile for all his supposed years, appeared on the stairs and proceeded to distribute his gifts. He had a gift for every girl present, and left ones for those girls who happened to be out. The rotunda of the residence was suitably decorated with a Christmas tree with gaily colored lights, and numerous parcels. Every time a girl came up to receive a gift Santa disclosed all the secrets (s)he knew about her, much to the delight of the other girls, and when all the gifts had been given out the girls gathered around the piano and sang some Christmas carols to speed the parting guest.

LOST

Physics 42 Text, by Grimschl.
Don H. McIntyre, Phone 81823.

RE XMAS VACATION

Through the courtesy of Greyhound Bus Lines, Ltd., students will be allowed an extension of time on the vacation rate. Fare and one-quarter will be good three days before till three days after their individual classes stop and commence.

FIRST '36 GATEWAY SET FOR JANUARY 7

Tuesday, January 7, will see the first issue of The Gateway for 1936. The New Year will possibly see more photogavure sections and a smaller sized paper. Bigger and better scoops are in the offing.

I SAW THIS WEEK

Mac Jones enjoying himself at the Christmas Banquet, with Gerry Mavor as his partner.
Bill Scott and his partner, Eelan Hughill.
A co-ed drinking the toast to the ladies.
Ron Brown looking for his bed.
A new decoration on the steps of Pembina, viz., a bedstead.
Tom Clark early on Sunday morning telling folks about his father's bull.
Jim Kidd making numerous trips past the Ladies' Cloak Room.
Mr. O'Brien and other members of the House Committee sitting out dances with Miss Dodd.
Joe Michener protesting that he knew nothing about how the candlestick got to his room from Athabasca Hall.

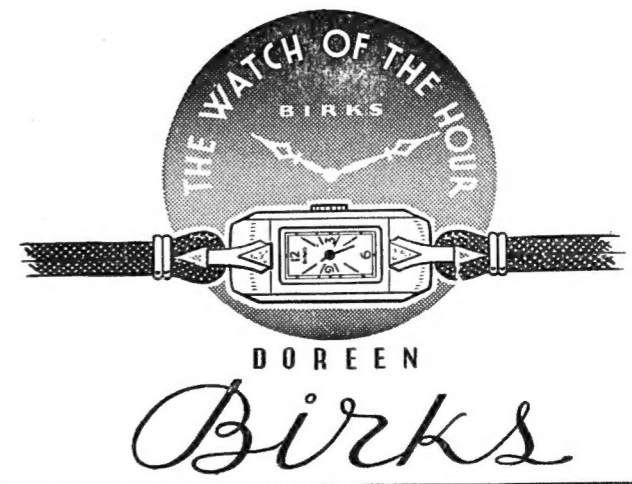
Doug Burke carrying Jessie Skene home.
Dick Stapells doing right by himself, helping two defenseless females in distress.

SOME CLUB!

We have heard of a club which has a rule that every candidate for election must drink enough in the presence of the admissions committee to make him drunk. His behavior, while intoxicated, scores a certain number of points for or against his becoming a member. This same club, at its annual meeting, votes by secret ballot to drop one offensive member. He who receives the highest number of votes is privately notified by the Board of Directors of the result of the poll, and his resignation is demanded. Thus the undesirable is gently eased out.

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1935

New Year
1936

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and
A Happy New Year

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"The Social Aspects of Science" Topic at Philosoph. Society

Dr. "Hector" J. MacLeod Speaks on
"My Professional Faith"

LESSONS FROM SCIENCE

By Alex. Cairns

The Philosophical Society held its third meeting on the night of Wednesday last, December 11th, at which Dr. H. J. MacLeod presented a very interesting paper on "The Social Aspects of Science."

Mr. Joseph Fisher, the President of the Society, introduced the speaker, disclosing to the audience that the "H" in Dr. MacLeod's initials stands for "Hector," and giving a short account of that gentleman's earlier life and activities.

It seems that Dr. MacLeod was born in Prince Edward Island about the time that a certain tug-boat collided with and shook said Island from end to end. We gather that the shock of the impact was the chief factor which determined him to make electricity his life work.

However, in 1914 Dr. MacLeod interrupted his career as a student in order to work off some of his surplus energy overseas. He proceeded to do this with such fervour that in 1918 the enemy could no longer stand it, and perforce threw down their arms with a refusal to continue. After having made sure that the fireworks were really over, he returned to Canada and thence to Harvard University, where he completed his education.

Dr. MacLeod, after having ruefully admitted that his name was "Hector," began his address as follows:

"There are many interesting customs recorded on the pages of history. I should like to mention one from the history of Israel. It was the ceremony of laying the sins of the people on the back of a ram, and then driving the poor creature, with its heavy load, out into the wilderness. In the present unsettled state of the world, people are again looking for something to drive into the wilderness. Some say it should be capitalism. Some say it should be science, while others declare these two are twins anyway, so let us send them both. In Israel, the victim was without spot or blemish. What shall we say of Science? If we weigh it in the balance from the social point of view, will it be found wanting? Tonight we can only review very briefly the record of science and glance at the evidence for and against it."

Dr. MacLeod, in order to illustrate the surprising excellence of ancient architectural achievements had slides thrown on the screen. The first of these, the Great Pyramid, was built some 2,900 years before the birth of Christ. He describes it in these words:

"It is the greatest mass of stone ever put together by man. The average engineer will tell you that there is enough stone in that pile to pave a highway twenty feet wide and three inches thick all the way from Halifax to Vancouver. But there is something more than stone in the pyramid. The workmanship is of extreme accuracy, the error in the length of the side is less than one part in 15,000, and the corners are square to within 12 seconds. The facings of the pyramid were all of white limestone, beautifully finished, and cut with marvellous precision. But these and other treasures have been removed by thieves and archaeologists."

Dr. MacLeod referred to ancient Egyptian civilization as "a great civilization." He explained that they were exceedingly well-versed in astronomy, architecture, engineering and mathematics considering the time in which they existed.

Greek and Roman civilization was next dealt with, and a few of the wonders which they accomplished in the fields of architecture and intellect in general, were mentioned. Then the speaker passed from eastern civilization to that of Europe and the Industrial Revolution. Of this he said in part:

"The incentive behind improvements in the steam engine was the need for a more reliable source of power than the wind and stream. These improvements were due to a scientific study of the steam pumps used in the mines, and showed the economic value of science in obtaining control over nature. And science, as never before, affected the lives of millions of people. The steam engine was first used in a cotton factory in 1785—just 150 years ago. That 150 years has witnessed an increase in power and wealth without parallel in the history of the world."

Further on, Dr. MacLeod made this statement:

"With all the confusion of the present time, there is a high degree of order, precision and efficiency in parts of the system. It is in those parts where science has been applied most effectively."

As an example, he cited the construction of a modern electric plant where the orderly flow of labor, materials and equipment cannot fail to impress one. He went on to say that science properly applied is the greatest leveller of classes on the material plain ever to be known, but that it tends to elevate the levelling process by allowing all classes to enjoy the essentials of comfort and beauty. Any fault which exists is not in science, but in the people.

Dr. MacLeod mentioned those many noted scientists of recent times who "have been winging their way into the domain of philosophy and religion, and delighting the world with fairy tales of science." He claimed that the only things that science has destroyed are ignorance and superstition; and that the rational method of solving problems is the method of science.

War and psychology were dealt with together by Dr. MacLeod. He deplored the non-existence of organized re-

SPEAKER



COLONEL F. A. STEWART DUNN
Hon. Pres. of the Pharmacy Club, who addressed the club at their meeting on December 11, 1935.

that there's no room left for the staff. Marg. Duggan is all ready to apply for an exchange scholarship there.

There is much ill-feeling amongst the surrounding villages against the University in Canton, however. In China there are no definite places set aside for burials, and graves are consequently made here and there and everywhere. To build Lingnan, ground had to be bought up and graves disturbed.

This was naturally not a popular move in a country that worships its ancestors. The roads to the University are very circuitous — to avoid the graves. At the entrance to the grounds the gates are very narrow. A "ricksha" can barely pass through. Thus no cars could get on the campus, even if they were allowed, and they are not.

Soldiers Everywhere

Armed soldiers are everywhere—policing the station platforms to prevent banditry and on the campus to prevent kidnapping. They seemed very fond of shooting. They even shot their food into their mouths by means of chop sticks.

The boys' and girls' dormitories all have open balconies. Their beds, covered with mosquito netting, have wooden planks with rice mats instead of mattresses and stone or wooden pillows.

Conversation on the campus is at times difficult. Although the 45,000 written Chinese characters are all the same, there are 240 dialects, all sounding quite different and making conversation between students coming from different districts almost impossible.

Day of European Over

In the Colonel's opinion the day of the European in both China and Japan is over. The professors in the universities where lectures are given in Chinese, as for instance Sun Yat Sen University in Canton, many of whom are German doctors, who have been receiving high salaries, are being replaced as their contracts expire by their interpreters. These interpreters, most of them American trained with American degrees, proceed to give the content of the former professors' lectures. It is of course much cheaper. The Chinese professors will lecture for a quarter of the salary.

All the Chinese buildings are beautifully colored and decorated. It was suggested that a touch of color might be added to our campus by having a few Japanese or Chinese students come over, as their method of dressing is also most colorful.

Slides

Illustrated by slides and pictures taken by the Colonel of artistic avenues through the University buildings, typical co-eds, scenes in Canton, river boats, narrow Chinese streets, contrasted with some of the under thoroughfares of Canton, jinrickshas, sedan chairs, interior of a Chinese village tea-house, etc., the lecture proved very fascinating.

NOTED COLUMNIST ADDRESSES EMBRYONIC NEWSPAPER MAGNATES

The Gateway was very fortunate in having J. S. Cowper, columnist for the Edmonton Bulletin, as their guest speaker at a staff meeting on Wednesday, Dec. 11.

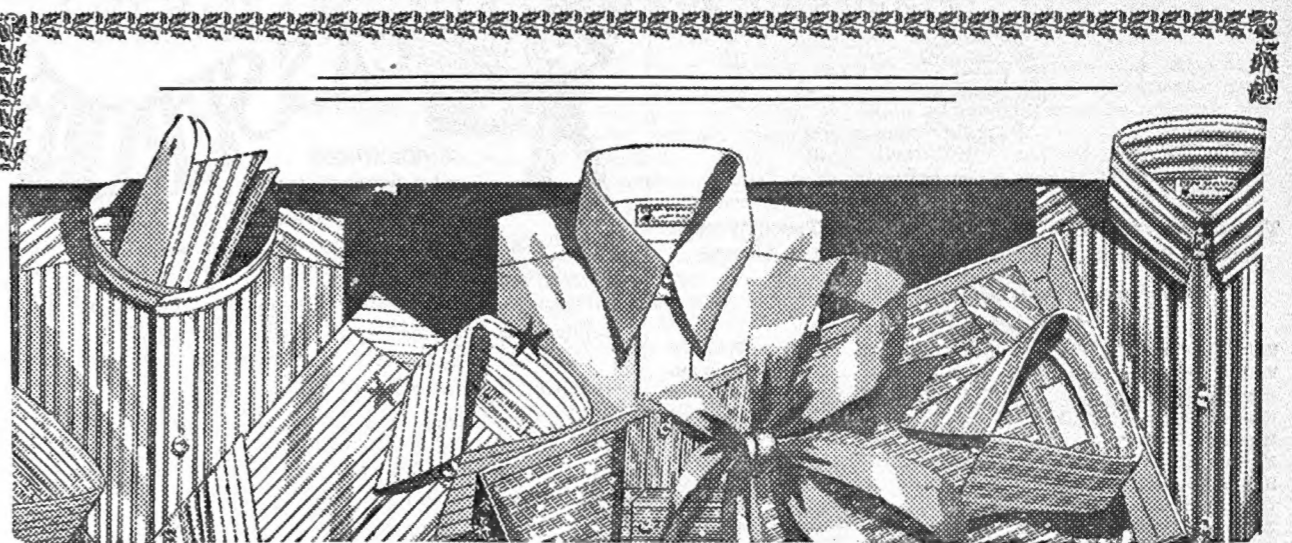
Mr. Cowper has been in newspaper work for the past 30 years, and has had wide and varied experience—from a police reporter to editor of a church page. Illusions which movies have created of the typical newspaper office were corrected. It is not, Mr. Cowper stated, a place of yelling, shouting Editors have not three days' growth of beard, are not rude to everyone that enters.

There are two motives in newspaper work—accuracy and speed. Both are important, although somewhat contradictory, for often speed does not make for accuracy.

Present work in Varsity is an aid in journalistic work, Mr. Cowper stated. While there are many cases of editors not having higher education—even a plumber becoming an editor—still their lack of education is to their own detriment. There is a need for trained men.

Newspaper work is valuable. Many follow it only for a short time—it gives valuable experience for other positions—an easier approach in meeting people, and it keeps the brain elastic. It is also a very interesting work. Columnist work opens up an avenue for distinctive writing. To get any place it is important to go to the larger newspapers, as Mr. Cowper stated: "If you're going to fish, you've got to go where the fish are." But aside from the money end, newspaper work is a real work, the two essentials for it being a liking for the work and an aptitude for it.

After the meeting, refreshments were served to The Gateway staff.



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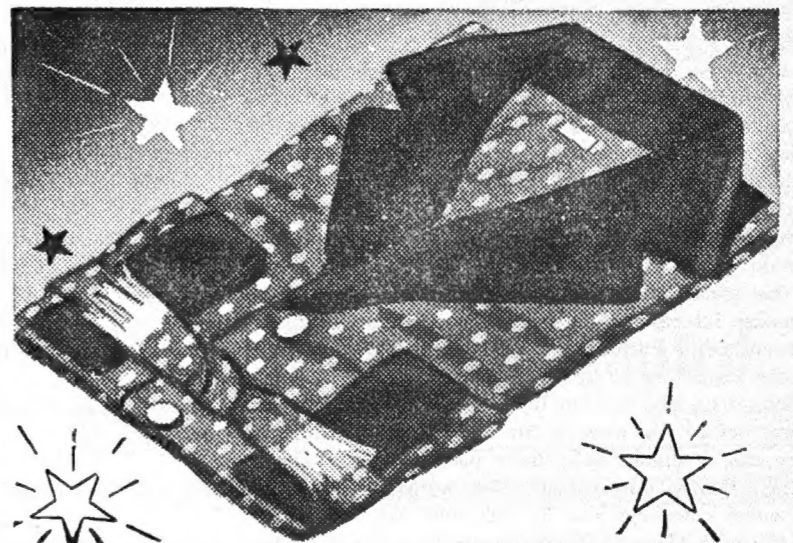
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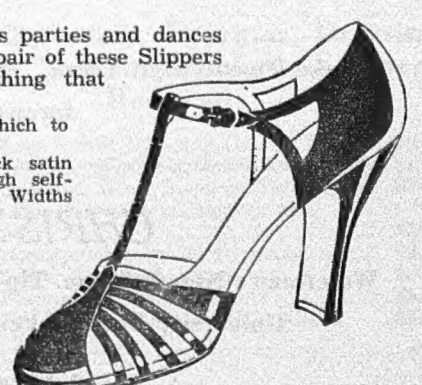
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THE GATEWAY

The Undergraduate Newspaper, Published Twice Weekly
by the Students' Union of the University of Alberta

Gateway Office: 151 Arts. Phone 32026.

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WE—THE STUDENT

The Christmas season, besides affording an opportunity for cheer both good and not so good, is a convenient break in the academic struggle for existence during which it might not be amiss to turn our more serious thoughts to our positions, as students, in the body politic. For those serious, sedentary souls who may still be interested, we shall quote from an article appearing in a recent French literary journal:

"Students constitute a unique category in the community. They live outside its rules in the sense that they are contributing nothing to society and exact from it only bursaries or parental cheques. They either have no vote or at best are an unstable group in the electorate, and hence are of little interest to those elected. They do not pay taxes. Their instability is the cause of their impotence as a group. The duration of their studies varies from three to six years, and when the diploma has been obtained, the trials of their new existence make them soon forget both the time when they frequented the classroom and its companions who have been replaced."

In one sense this is an answer to the oft debated question of student political clubs upon the campus. The issue is really a dead one at the outset, because for all practical purposes it would make little difference save that if our parties longed avidly for university men, which they don't, these clubs would provide handy recruiting stations, and party-minded individuals among us would get that way a few years earlier. But aside from this matter of practical impotence and party clubs, the really interesting and vital point raised by this gentleman from Paris the cause which lies behind all that—the instability of student opinion as such.

"Most of us who are not freshmen or hereditary worshippers before the icon of Sir Wilfrid, will grant this if they cast a glance over their past in these halls of learning. During our student years we are in a unique, extra-social category; and in that time we are dealing primarily with ideas of things, penetrating or rebounding from our several consciousness, rather than with things as they are in the practical sense. Ideas are notoriously easy to shuffle about, much more so than intractable human beings within the cells of innumerable working institutions. Hence the instability of the student, who is by nature a theoretical animal, and rather garrulous withal when dealing in his pet panaceas. Hence also that subtle attitude of condescension, kindly or contemptuous, with which we are met when we unburden ourselves to the farmers and storekeepers on returning to the old home town. They know—we talk. And sooner or later, they imply, if they are too polite to be brutally frank about it, we too will know . . . better.

But as a matter of fact, we students are of two sorts, and it is our purpose to make a plea for those unfortunate ones of the class who probably never will know better, and will in all likelihood continue to feel the subtle condescension of the vast body of practical souls who do. The others will issue forth to battle valiantly in the world of men, and will steady down to fit their student theories into the molds of party or class provided for them. Let us thank God, this Christmas season, that it is so, else the Christmas mails would never be untangled, and postal officials would be chasing butterflies instead of stamping envelopes. But those among us who are the disinherited, the congenial purveyors of theory, have as well a place. The theories will no doubt be slightly mad—most theories are—but it is a madness which at appropriate times becomes infectious and socially of use. Until society is ripe for and needs the intellectual's nostrum or the prophet's vision, their ravings fall appropriately upon stony ground. But once in many moons comes one up out of Bedlam with something that seems to fit. And for a time the world goes rather grudgingly, rather more decorously, in the train of this odd being. Then again it settles down—and knows better.



A Freshman in the C.O.T.C. passed an officer without saluting.
"Here, my man," called the officer, "do you see this uniform I'm wearing?"
"Yes, sir, and just look at this thing they gave me."
—Blairmore Enterprise.

Mary had a little frock,
Dainty, chic and airy,
It didn't show the dirt a bit,
But gosh, how it showed Mary!

"I bet you were bored on your trip over to Europe and back."
"Oh, my no, something was coming up all the time."
—Sarnia Collegiate.

'Twas Sweet as a Loir
There was a young girl in the choir
Whose voice rose up hoir and hoir,
Till it reached such a height
It was clear out of sight,
And they found it next day in the spoir.

A chiropractor is a guy who gets paid for what an ordinary guy would get slapped for.

"Home is the place that when you go there they have to let you in."—Sheaf.

Aged country club mosquito to young mosquito: "And to think when I was your age I could bite girls only on the face and hands."

Some professors are born great, others achieve greatness, but I have seen some that just grate on you.

There is one professor here who finds it very hard to eat with his moustache; in fact, it is quite a strain.

Wiff—Santa Claus certainly was good to that girl.
Tony—How's that?
Wiff—See what he put in her stockings.—Tech Flash.

A husband is something that no respectable family should be without.—Tech Flash.

The Englishman was telling the American about his fine family at home. "Why, right this minute," he bragged, "my son is riding to the hounds."
"Yes," sighed the American, "my son is going to the dogs, too."—Jaycee.

Here's a Christmas pome we chiselled from the Varsity Campus Cat:
"Under the spreading mistletoe
The homely co-ed stands,
And stands and stands,
And stands and stands and stands.

TO A CERTAIN DEB
Margaret E. Sangster
How I wish I had your eyes,
And your curly hair;
How I wish I had your knees,
And your wide-eyed stare!

How I wish I had your hands,
And your saucy nose;
How I wish I had your skin,
And your lovely clothes.

How I wish I had your neck—
It would overjoy me!
In these two strong hands of mine,
Gosh, how you annoy me!

One day a rooster wandered from his own barnyard to a neighboring ostrich farm. He was absolutely taken aback when he came upon an ostrich egg. He pushed the egg before him as he returned to his own farm. On his return he called the hens around him and showed them the egg, saying, "I don't want to appear grouch, but just look what our neighbors can do!"

Professor—Miss —, what can you tell me of Stevenson's style?
Fair Co-ed—To tell you the truth, sir, I've never met him.

Three golfers, an Englishman, an Irishman and a Scotsman, were about to leave the old country for a trip to Canada. They formed a pool of a pound apiece to go to the one who should bring back the article that was most representative of the whole of Canada.

The Englishman took back a pair of snowshoes, and the Irishman a young maple tree; but the money went to the Scotsman, who landed home with a complete set of silver from the various C.P.R. hotels.



Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—Of late there has been consistent clamor re the absolute lethargy of students in their support, even interest, in University activities.

Granted that there are amongst us a small number who don't care a damn what happens to the University, just as long as they receive their sheepskin in due course. But can such a mental turpitude be applicable to the majority? In delving into the mental processes of students in general, I am quite sure the blame does not lie with them.

Youth is essentially the same at any day and age. Regardless of statements that present students are more serious, more industrious than at past periods, I wish to state that they are just as anxious to assert their youthful enthusiasm on extra-curricular activities as they ever were, but the so-called "system" of which they are a part absolutely forbids such a course of action.

Evidently present-day educators believe in intensive poring over the trivial details of text-books, even to the blinding of their principles. A course which gives the student an intelligent grasp of the whole field of study and happily fails to insist on the cramming of details, is often dubbed a "sap-course." Nevertheless, it has the distinction of transmitting to that student a desire to delve deeper into the field concerned. But evidently the educators delude themselves into believing that the only salvation of students is to give them harder and more detailed study. "After all," they argue, "some must fail."

This may have its definite advantages, but not these same educators forget the individuality of each student concerned? It is little wonder that students feel more and more the necessity of becoming oblivious to all but their studies. This, of course, is reflected in a lack of support of activities removed from the lecture room. But can one deny that outside activities are just as important in moulding personality and character as the useless and entirely senseless committing of inconsequential details to memory—details which merely flow from the lecturer to the exam paper, with varying degrees of accuracy, after a brief sojourn in the cranium of the hapless student?

No, Mr. Editor, the student can't be blamed for his apparent lack of spirit. He has no choice but to bow to the system under which he labors, and to govern his actions accordingly.

Sincerely,
"STUDENT."

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—Your editorial on the subject of Communism so graphically described aroused in me a rather amused interest. The clutching octopus whose tentacles gather in "Down-trodden Workers," "On to Ottawa Relief Strikers," "A Seventeen Year Old University Co-ed," and lastly, those innocent babes, was indeed touching, but failed to arouse in me the horror that was intended. I tried to be sensible.

Sensibility was displayed by those university authorities in Toronto who were influenced by freedom of speech and student thinking. They are evidently still among the few who believe that repression of thought is neither

British or democratic. If the students of this or any other university or individuals outside these institutions can be so easily influenced by these Communists, it doesn't speak highly for those theories of economics that have been impressed on our "immature minds."

Those theories may be wrong, the Communists may be right. I would like to see both sides discussed and the truth worked out. Surely we are not afraid of finding out the truth, as is seemingly the case of the editor. Certainly repression of thought and truth can only lead to the violence the editor attributes to the Communists.

Therefore I would conclude by stating that this University may well follow the wise decision of the University of Toronto, and allow discussions of the various aspects of political economics. By this means clear decisions may be reached that in the future may lead to good citizenship.

Yours truly,
HAROLD WOODSWORTH.



Professors Should be Radical!

Toronto.—"The universities are not fulfilling their function if new ideas are not originating there," said Prof. J. O. Watts, speaking on Universities and Radical Professors at the weekly meeting of the Forum.

A university is not only a place for the training of undergraduates, but also for the canvassing of new ideas with the utmost of freedom and the discrimination of such of those as are valuable.

Prof. Watts commented on Beatty's recent speech, and showed that the universities have been accused of radicalism right through the ages. He cited the accusations made against such people as Socrates, Galileo, Newton and Thomas More.

The university ought to be both popular and free, said the speaker. Otherwise it will die or become a mere technical school. There are already sufficient checks and safeguards in a university to make it impossible for any member of the staff to get away with any nonsense.—Queen's.

Some students might find it useful to have a few copies of the form below printed for their use during the post-examination and New Year festivities.

Mr. _____
Last _____ Evening
And Humbly Craves Your Pardon
for the Breach of Etiquette
Checked Below

Striking hostess with bottle.
Excessive oratory.
Anatomical analysis of female guests.
Sleeping on piano.
Frequent absence from party.
Spanking hostess or female guest.
Excessive screaming.
Destruction of furniture.
Insulting guests.
Extreme inebriation.
Throwing glasses.
Complete loss of equilibrium.
Indiscreet petting.
NAUSEA.
Refusing to go home.



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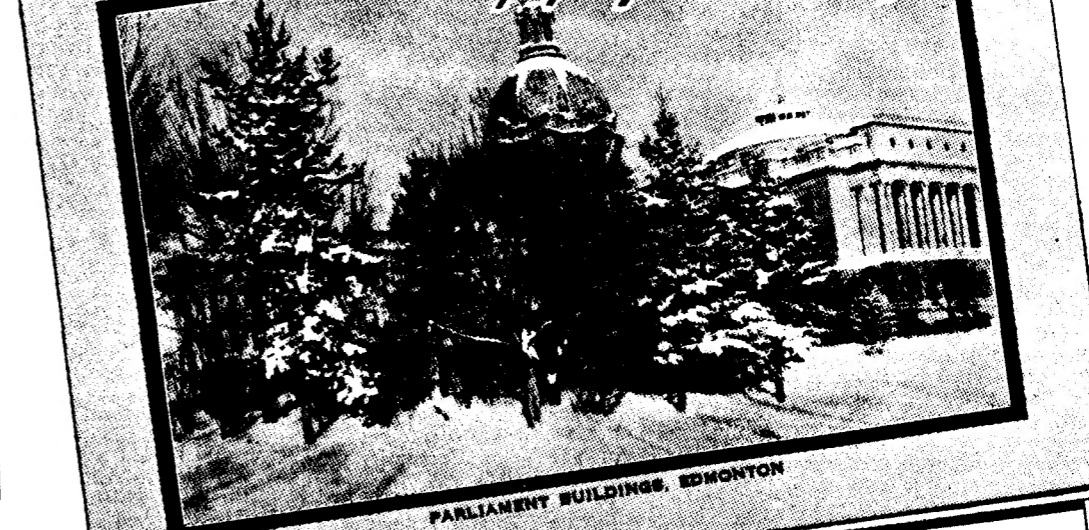
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Christmas Exam, 1933

(Lines found in a dusty drawer by one who can explain them only as the result of youthful arrogance and the prosodic indigestion accruing from a simultaneous diet of Pope and E. E. Cummings.)

One stares with fixed gaze out on the snow—
Another nibbles at his finger's end.
Across the page the scratchy pen-nibs go
As ink to thought its concrete form doth lend.

Thought? . . . well . . .
Photographic memory of a page
Produced before its recently acquired
Impression fades.
Barren reproduction of emotions
Guiltily recorded, that have been
Derived from text books
Impeccably correct.
Thought! . . .

And they call us educated!—yes, forsooth
And so think we, in thick complacency.
For culture and the clear cold air of truth
Must be made safe for our democracy.

Compulsory bathing for gipsies has
been introduced by Hungarian auth-
orities. Gipsies must have at least
one bath a month under official con-
trol.

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BORN A YEAR TOO LATE

Mathematician Proves
Classics Dept. Errs

By Prof. J. W. Campbell
Dept. of Mathematics

On Monday, December 9, there was
celebrated in Edmonton, as well as
elsewhere throughout the world, an
anniversary of the birth of Horace. It
was reported to be the 2000th anni-
versary, whereas as a matter of fact
it was the 1999th!

It might appear at first thought that
since in the matter of temperature, for
example, the range from 65° below
zero to 35° above is 100°, the interval
from 65 B.C. to 35 A.D. should be 100
years. Such is not the case, however,
and the interval from 65 B.C. to 35
A.D. is 99 years. The reason is there
is no zero year, and because of this
fact we have the following.

From 65 B.C. to 1 B.C. is 64 years;
From 1 B.C. to 1 A.D. is 1 year.
From 1 A.D. to 35 A.D. is 34 years;
Hence from 65 B.C. to 35 A.D. is 99
years, and so from 65 B.C. to 1935 A.D.
is 1999 years.

The reason for error in the matter
on the part of those responsible for
the general plans is difficult to see.
The same thing happened five years
ago in connection with the commem-
oration of the birth of Virgil. In the
present case the celebration was held
on Monday because Torace's birthday,
December 8, fell on a Sunday. If the
2000th anniversary had been celebrated
in 1936, when it really occurs, Decem-
ber 8 could have been used because
it then falls on a Tuesday.

Purdue's charter stipulates that there
be on the board of regents "one farmer,
one woman, and one person of good
moral character."

SATURDAY and SUNDAY

Dr. Broadus Publishes a Volume of Essays

The month of December has brought
one of the pleasant events in the his-
tory of the University, the publica-
tion by Macmillan and Company of
Canada, a volume of essays entitled
"Saturday and Sunday," by Dr. E. K.
Broadus. These essays, written as
"a week-end diversion, a Saturday-
Sunday interlude in the routine of
teaching," cover a wide range: some
are reminiscences of the early days in
Edmonton, others are studies of literary
men and books, and still others are
personal reflections in many different
moods. All have the qualities which
the students of the University have
come to know so well in Dr. Broadus,
a genial sense of humour, descriptive
vividness, and learning made lively
by gusto and enthusiasm.

The first essay, "At the End of the
Line," is at once reminiscence and
prophecy. For it describes the strug-
gling city of Edmonton with its curious
assortment of peoples, and its strange
contrasts: civilization on the edge of
the wilderness. The essay is full of
vivid little pictures of the people, their
manner of life, their resolute efforts
to combat the combined hardships of
climate and circumstances. The essay
has a much broader scope, however;
the drama of "will" working upon a
stubborn environment to build a new
nation is vividly conveyed. "But here
life was in the making, still to be ham-
pered into shape and use. And you
were not merely a cog. Instead you
wielded the hammer. And so you
bared your arms with the feeling that
you were in the making of life, and
that in casting off the old and shaping
of the new you had found yourself." That
is the tone of the whole first
part of the book: to create in the wil-
derness a new nation distinctly western.

The book is very appropriately dedi-
cated to Dr. H. M. Tory, first President
of the University of Alberta, and in
the essay "Small Beginnings," are re-
lated the early cares and trials of the
new institution which as yet had no
permanent home. Lively anecdotes of
over-enthusiastic new students, of ex-
tension lectures in every part of the
province, of buggy rides over execrable
roads to small town hotels—all these
are told with Dr. Broadus' customary
gusto.

I cannot here describe all of the
essays. I wish I could. "Car No. 1,"
for instance, has a flavour all its own.
"End of the Line in War Time" is a
record of the changing trembling feel-
ings of those who watched the pro-
gress of events overseas; "The Long
Arm of the Law" is a dramatically
told tale of the capture and trial of
two Eskimos charged with murder. The
latter essay makes the reader feel
acutely how near we live to the great,
unknown, mysterious wastelands of
the North, how near our civilization
is to the Ice Age, in reality. In "Little
Brown House" the picture of the North
in which we live is fixed forever in
our minds by a brilliant description
of the Aurora Borealis.

Following these essays are a series
of sketches of literary men: "A Simple
Person" (William Caxton), "An Eliza-
bethan Diarist" (John Manningham),
"Dear Fine Silly Old Angel" (Thomas
Fuller), "Mr. Richardson Arrives" and
"Official Poets" (a study of the laur-
eateship). These sketches, full of en-
thusiasm for digging into the past, re-
create personalities in an effortless
vivid way, and infuse into the sober
facts of scholarship a new life and
vigour. The essay on that good-natur-
ed and "most inveterate of punsters,"
Thomas Fuller, who would "sacrifice
anything—proportion, relevance, con-
tinuity, anything but decency—for a
good story," and the description of
"the shy, class-conscious little printer"
Samuel Richardson among his senti-
mental and lachrymose friends are two
of the most delightful things in the
volume.

The last group has a great variety
in subject matter, but the essays are

ABBREVIATIONS

A cub reporter on a Los Angeles
paper turned in a write-up of a Sym-
phony concert. "Do not print abbrevi-
ations," was a proof-reader's rule.
And so Gounod's "Fourth Mass" be-
came Gounod's "Fourth Massachusetts,"
and Bach's "Fifth Ave Maria" became
Bach's "Fifth Avenue Maria."

The same write-up contained the
following remarks: "During this move-
ment the kettle drummer sat like
Buddha regarding his navel." The
prudent editor objected to the word
"navel," so he crossed it out, forgetting
to provide a substitute; and the final
copy read: " . . . the kettle drummer
sat like Buddha regarding his . . ."
Queen's.

reminiscent and imaginative for the
most part. The first, "An Old Book
Shelf," chuckles, but ever so kindly,
at the literary taste of our immediate
forbearers with their emphasis on "pru-
dential conduct," and gentle femininity.
The pathos in the essay is very deftly
handled—just the right amount of re-
tice. "A Diplomatic Appraisal" re-
lates amusingly the awkward efforts
of two unimaginative diplomats to
bring back to Henry VII a description
of the widowed Queen of Naples with
whom the English King was contem-
plating marriage. And the abrupt
finality of the conclusion adds relish
to the whole story. The beautiful fan-
tasy "The Armoury," while conveying
a silent theme, is a fanciful description
of many of the great swords of history,
romance and legend. In "Time O'Day
on Parnassus" are woven together into
a many-colored tapestry, poetic de-
scriptions of the passing hours: it is,
says the author, "a sheaf of quotations"
"and familiar though they be to
you, you will, I promise, find renewed
pleasure in them here, for the sake of
the cord which binds them." We are
not disappointed, for the promise is
more than fulfilled. In the words of
the essay, "Let not our memories be
other than bright, for we have drunk
together of the cup of remembered
beauty, sweet as the honey of Hy-
metus."

Immediately after this there follows
an essay in an entirely different vein:
"The Plot Machine: Or Hamlet Up-to-
Date," which has a riot of fun with
Hollywood's remodelling of the plots of
plays and stories.

The volume closes with a reflective
essay which passes in review the long
years of teaching, with the instructor
"always in the hope that he might
catch a genius young," and again and
again disappointed. "Genius at School"
arrives at the sober conclusion that the
idlers are often the inspired ones, and
that workers may only be drudges
who have not seen the stars. "But if
he comes, will he seem only a queer
erratic little fellow, hovering uneasily
on the verge of orderly routine?"
Perhaps. "And so the teacher has come
to view these perennial idlers in the
groves of Academe not merely toler-
antly, but with a measure of expect-
ancy." Here for a certainty is a com-
panion piece to Stevenson's "Apology
for Idlers."

These are but snatches from the
work itself, only little tastes of its
spirit. It is not only a record of the
personal reflections of a man who has
long been a moulder of our University
life, but a contribution to the litera-
ture of a new people. Dr. Broadus,
in gathering these essays together, has
added to Canadian expression a book
for which the University of Alberta
will always have a special affection.
—J. C. G.

LANDSCAPE GARDENING FOR AGS

The Agricultural Club, holding its
last meeting before Christmas on Dec.
9th at 4:30, was fortunate in having as
its main feature an address from Mr.
Helshouse, of Estevan, Sask. The
speaker very competently dealt with
landscape gardening as an art.

He stressed the cardinal objects of
landscape planning: unity, variety,
character, propriety, finish and design.
Such planning will reproduce a "living
room" out of doors, which will be most
conducive to a healthy and happy home

life. Without flowers and shrubbery
to form a beautiful environmental con-
dition, a house cannot be a home, the
speaker stated.
Beautifully colored lantern slides
rounded off a most instructive and in-
teresting tale.

We do not love
Miss Dolly Minx.
She never means it
When she winx.
—Xaverian Weekly.

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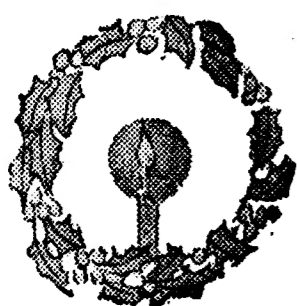
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DEMOCRACY OR DICTATORSHIP

By H. J. Beveridge

It has become fashionable of late to quote Scripture in terms of government and politics. I would suggest that the text for any discourse on the theme of national and international affairs today might be found in the words of an Old Testament Prophet: "We worked for peace but no good came, and for a time of health and behold trouble. The harvest is past, the summer is ended and we are not saved." This grim comment is uttered by many thousands of Canadian youths, who five years ago looked on matters of government with singular indifference or contempt, but regard it as the most important interest they now can follow.

We look on a troubled scene. Our



Smoke a FRESH cigarette
BRITISH CONSOLS
COSTLIER
MILDER
TOBACCOS
PLAIN OR CORK TIP

Editor's Note.—This paper appeared as one of a series of radio addresses "Youth Speaks," delivered Dec. 12th, CKUA over a province-wide network. This subject, "Democracy and Dictatorship," was the subject of an open forum debate participated in by over thirty speakers in the University, Dec. 5.—H. J. B.

difficulties in Canada, we are told, are part of a world-wide situation. We know the causes of our misfortunes. Not one cause, but many; and we know, too, that the remedy adopted by most nations through different forms of government, including our own, has only aggravated the disease. A primitive economic nationalism, the jungle law of economic force, adopted by countries under democratic governments and dictatorships alike, is at the bottom of our misery. But this fact we still won't recognize, and the effort to keep trade and commerce in increasingly watertight political compartments—the doctrine of national self-sufficiency in this interdependent planet—makes a mockery of recovery.

As you look at the world today in all its four corners, what devices do you find that men are turning to in their despair? We will find that the competing schools of thought of government have their counterparts here in Canada.

There is one type of mind that holds the view that democracy is a pious sham and that stability and order can only be established and maintained by force, that force must be ruthless in its suppression of constitutional liberties and individual rights in the performance of the task of government. This is the doctrine of the iron heel in its most thoroughgoing form. Modern Italy reveals it in its fascism, a plant which may prosper best where real democracy has never existed.

The result of the Great War, which we ended with the dream of making the world safe for democracy, was an almost universal substitution of dictatorship for democracy. Harassed peoples, ravaged by the long and bitter strife, and overburdened with taxes and high interest-bearing debt, lost faith in slow moving parliaments. With the threat of bolshevism striking terror in the minds of industrialists and property holders, and an aggressive affront by ancient oligarchies and autocracies, an epidemic of dictatorships broke out over the continent. Italy led the way under Mussolini and Fascism, soon to be followed by Hungary, Poland, Yugoslavia, Turkey, Albania, and Spain and Germany.

A different school of thought represents another dictatorship, the dictatorship of stark theory. Russia gives us the extreme form of it in its state socialism. Here is the suppression of freedom in a different form. With a strange mixture of idealism and

tyranny, the Communist, after his vindictive break with the past, has endeavored year after year to make stubborn facts fit his shifting theory.

But despite the extravagant promises of dictatorship, all post-war dictatorships in Europe and Latin America have been failures.

Instead of government by the best mind, these dictatorships have degenerated into organized mob rule, writes Count Sforza, in the New York Times, with active police forces and spies imposing a suffocating moral tyranny that silences the conscience of the nation and covers up the blunders of gross misrule. They have continued the war hatreds. The visions of material progress and national prosperity have not materialized.

Italy has been the example held up to us of a successful dictatorship. Unlimited power has brought corruption, uncontrolled by any parliament, council, free press, public opinion. We find the absurdities and errors which are at work for the fall of Mussolini's regime consist in budget manipulations, artificial stabilization, graft of billions, waste of billions, war preparations costing billions, suppression of parliament, press, public assembly, or all critical controlling forces. For two years Italy under Finance Minister Signor Volpi, showed a balanced budget but an empty treasury. In 1930 Mussolini showed France the lire was stabilized, the loss due, however, to an economically false figure of 20 cents to the dollar stabilization at 3½ billion lire, as computed by European economists. And so on. These dictatorial absurdities apply with force and truth, with variations, to the South American republics, to Spain, to Poland, and other countries, and to some extent to Russia.

Dictatorships disappear; they are dissolved or drowned in blood or peacefully altered because they cause financial ruin of the state, economic anaemia of the nation, augmentation of the public debt burden, excessive taxation, tremendous waste and an armament race presaging a war; because dictatorships refuse to permit consent of reform by citizens, control of wastage by citizens, criticism by public opinion and a free press and control by parliament.

Dictatorship is most certainly accompanied with the maintenance of large armies, as we see in Germany, in Italy and in Russia today. In these countries the common people bear a heavy bur-

den, equal, if not greater, than the burden which they bear in England, France, United States and Canada today. In those countries which have dictatorships, unemployment is still a menace, taxation is high, interest rates on loans for government armament manufacturing is high beyond all reason.

These countries also practice that intense nationalism which runs hand in hand with dictatorship. Trade barriers have decreased trade, business, manufacturing output, transportation revenues, and general economic disorder. Dictatorship is not worth this price of huge levies, money, depression and retrogression.

This imperial and economic aggression has forced the other nations of the world to build high tariff walls, appropriate huge sums of money for armament manufacturing, increase debt and taxation. Mr. Leo Kunitz, speaking in this radio program of Youth Speaks, on Oct. 31, said: "Britain, who for a time made at least a semblance toward gradual disarmament as called for by the Treaty of Versailles, has become mortally alarmed at the inadequacy of her defenses, and has entered the armament race." Dictatorships on the one hand precariously balanced by democracies retaliating with economic weapons of trade and finance, has cost this world each year four billion dollars worth of armaments, and threatens all humanity on the brink of another world-wide catastrophe.

And now the youth gaze on democracy. The general tendency of modern development, since the time when we can first discern the gleams of civilization in the darkness which followed the fall of the Western Empire, has been toward political and legal equality—to the abolition of slavery; to the abrogation of status; to the sweeping away of hereditary privileges, to the substitution of parliamentary for arbitrary government, to the right of private judgment in matters of religion, to the more equal security in person and property of high and low, weak and strong; to the greater freedom of movement of speech and press. The history of modern civilization is the history of advances in this direction—of the struggles and triumphs of personal, political and religious freedom. And what I have shown is the fact just as this tendency has asserted itself civilization has advanced, while just as it has been repressed civilization and general prosperity has been checked.

This tendency has reached its full expression in the American Republic, in England, in Canada, where political and legal rights are equal, where every religious belief or non-belief stands on the same footing, where every boy may hope to be a President or Prime Minister, every man and woman has an equal voice in public affairs, and every official is dependent for the short lease of his place upon a popular vote.

Now, the first effect of the tendency to political equality was to more equal distribution of wealth and power. While population was comparatively sparse, inequality in the distribution of wealth was principally due to inequality of personal rights.

However, it is now manifest that absolute political equality does not prevent inequality involved in private ownership of the means of production and exchange of wealth. This inequality in the share of wealth is the reason why so many people in this country, as in other countries, seek a drastic change, and will chance a dictator. It is the reason why they sought it after the Great War.

The shock of war, stirring the world's soul to its very depths, has brought before our eyes the shattered image of an industrial civilization which is full of injustice. Unrest is the voice of a grief-stricken humanity, crying for justice in relations of industry. The truth is mightier than the sword, and in conference, co-operation and action between all the parties in interest, democracy, not in the coercion of the others by any one, lies the only hope of an ultimate solution. Labour supplies the muscular and mental energy, Capital supplies the raw materials and equipment, managers bring about efficient co-operation, and the community or organized society, under whose sanction industry is carried on, whose continuous co-operation with the other parties of industry, production, distribution and exchange are carried on.

If all four parties are necessary to industry, and equally necessary to one another, then surely all four should have some voice in the control of industry, or democracy in industry. Today, however, it is the monopoly on the part of Capital in the control and direction of industry that has led to the developments that are described as dictatorships in government, and even anarchistic. With free political institutions, our one great inheritance, the application to industry of those principles which underlie government within the state should neither be impossible nor difficult.

The same in the realm of finance where dictatorship has given us our monetary system, which is anything but sound. When examined from the point of view of the government, it actually smacks of nonsense. But great credit is due to the bankers and credit dealers for the skill that they have displayed in fooling so effectively both governments and public. We are now, at the point, however, predicted by Plato, who prophesied that Democracy would emerge from the oligarchial rule of money power as the result of the repression of the people by men who profited by lending at interest. In the course of time the system of more equitably distributing national income will be perfected. Its aim must be the safety of the financial system and the economic welfare of the country.

Government, in the last analysis, is organized opinion. Where there is little or no public opinion, there is likely to be bad government, which sooner or later becomes autocratic government. Where there is an intelligent and informed and enlightened public

(Continued on Page 9)

THE IDEAL COLLEGE MAN, CO-ED

Madison, Wis.—The model college boy, according to a study of co-ed opinion, will smoke a pipe, use a line only if it sounds natural, dance smoothly, and call his date several days before the affair.

Around school he will wear suede shoes, brushed wool sweaters, and bright tasteful ties. In addition he will drink only in moderation.

Co-eds Speak Freely

This feminine eloquence when discussing fellows was quite amazing in view of the difficulties encountered with the boys.

The girls had opinions on everything.

"Put us down for not liking heavy necking—especially from 'blinds,' a more thoughtful girl added.

"Some don't mind, I guess," one girl said evasively when asked about necking.

No Kiss First Date

The good night kiss is all right if you know the fellow well enough, but first time out—NO!

"Most fellows expect too much from a girl. She must go better than half in conversation, drink if he wants her, and he gets very offended if she doesn't take to his advances."

Others disagreed, and said that that was perhaps true of some fellows.

No Last Minute Dates

Last minute dates were unanimously disliked.

Smooth dancing, without hops and wrestlers' holds, is appealed for.

Don't Croon

You crooners, leave the crooning to people who know how.

Scatter brain Joe College boys were out. One girl qualified the statement by saying she could stand them for a couple of dates, but after that they had nothing to say.

Beauty, not enjoyable company, is the standard for too many fellows.

"Ooh, an Athlete!"

"Athletes are swell!" one girl said. Most agreed. One said that they were too dumb, but the rest actually were dreamy in the eyes when it came to talking about them.

Sorority girls didn't "mind" non-fraternity men in the poll. No one else did either.

Smoothies are all right — but not essential. They're nice and considerate, good dancers, and know how to act in general.

Don't Burden Her Mind

The evening should be planned, fellows. Don't think you're giving a gal

The normal modern girl, without abandoning the victories of feminism, and accepting its responsibilities, does not even want to imagine a life in which men play no part. Therefore she should be fortified by accomplishments and equipment for such relations.

One begins with those general social relations which lead to closer ones between individuals, and for these a knowledge of how to dress, how to play games, how to dance, how to talk well, and conduct oneself in company are the major points. It is very necessary for a girl to know how to wear her clothes to advantage and make the most of herself physically. This includes what I call a discovery of her own personality as expressed by her appearance. When a girl is sure of that she will go on to learn such minor things as whether to use a dark shade of powder or to wear a white bathing suit. She should know that it is not necessary to be beautiful in order to be charming. She should know that no well-dressed person thinks about her looks all the time.

She must know how to use her voice. The shrill clatter of some girls' voices definitely destroys their charm. I do not mean to suggest affectation or the grafting of accents which are unsuitable and out of place. But a girl should speak so that it is pleasant to listen to her. If this were universally true fewer homes would break up.

A girl should know how to dance very well. Otherwise a girl should not be exposed to a ball where mercy is left in the cloakrooms. She herself should know, if her parents do not, that it is better to stay at home than to be pilloried. A girl should know other sports. She should swim. A girl who knows how to drive a golf ball a decent distance or return a serve well in tennis, or ride a horse without wondering if he is going to throw her, as a resource, a means of healthy development, and an opportunity to meet men in their sports. I think a girl should know how to do one such thing quite well. To know one sport to a high point of excellence seems to me far better than to have a smattering of all of them.

There must be supplementary knowledge of general conduct. My first principle is that a girl should know how to keep herself from being what is called "necked." For necking as a deliberate indulgence, necking as a sport, I have no tolerance at all. It is

(Continued on Page 9)

(Continued on Page 9)

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CO-ED COLUMNS

Stratford-on-Volga

William Shakespeare has become one of Soviet Russia's favorite dramatists. In Moscow last week there was a Shakespeare conference of the Masters Art Club, attended by more than 100 leading critics, playwrights, poets and theatrical directors, and at the same time six of the Bard's plays were shown in Moscow theatres.

"Hamlet" was not among the six. In was produced some time ago without the ghost, and a furious controversy resulted, the radicals arguing against the supernatural manifestation, the classicists insisting that it was indispensable.

Serge Dinamoff, eminent critic, warned the Masters of Arts Club that Soviet theatres must not distort Shakespeare, or "toy with his ideas." This is easier said than done. The deity is not recognized by the Communists, but in "Hamlet" it is written that:

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,

Rough-hew them how we will.

And the Bard went contrary to proletarian philosophy when he wrote in "Othello" that "we cannot all be masters." Moreover he was a cynical fellow, convinced that there was little brotherhood in man. Thus in "Pericles" he wrote:

Third Fisherman: Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

First Fisherman: Why, as men do a-land; the great ones eat up the little ones.

STRANGE INTERLUDE

Margaret Fishback

I went to tea at Elizabeth's house, And what did she serve but tea! I sat as still as a well-bred mouse When I went to tea at Elizabeth's house. I didn't snarl and I didn't grouse Though I was distressed to see That tea at my friend Elizabeth's house Meant absolutely tea.

Says the Oregon Emerald:
Scrimmage and kick,
Till you're hard as a brick.
Early to bed,
And early to rise,
While your gal goes out
With skinnier guys.

On a certain type of Yule-tide Fiction

Sara Henderson Hay

If I could only find a Christmas story Wherein Giuseppe the Wop, or Tim the Dude,
Both gentlemen of reputation gory,
And darkly stained with moral turpitude,

Would not be stricken down with deep contrition
Because their guileless prey had eyes of blue,
But carry out the dastardly commission
And really see the bloody business through!

When Nick the Rat sneaks slyly up the stairs,
A gat or a stiletto in his hand,
And comes upon his victim unawares,
I know it won't turn out the way he planned!

He'll be invited in to trim the tree,
And find the owner is his long-lost brother—
Or (alternative device) decide that he
Can't croak the dames because she looks like Mother!

Alas for Gyp the Blood on Christmas Eve—

The Yuletide spirit gets him, sure as fate!

Behold the tough guy, snivelling up his sleeve,

Vowing to quit the racket and go straight!

Shades of all Gangdom! In my voice a sob,

I pray you, Scribes, amend the situation—

Just once, let Tony finish up the job;
Before in utter wrath and desperation

I seize an automatic from the shelf
And foully murder somebody myself!

Scientists at Queen's to Hold Novel Dance

A "Kiss Dance" will be the next social event of the Scientists at Queen's. "Due to the cold weather and damp park benches, it should be a godsend to all couples on the campus," according to a member of the committee.

SEAWEED

Having had a Gateway smuggled, very cautiously, into this part of our fair land, we decided we might just as well appreciate the puns as go superior. But we think it just as well to retaliate with one made, by the way, by a certain well-known gal-about-the-campus. We were on the verge of losing an argument and, in exasperation, wailed, "You took me unawares." The reply being, of course, "I didn't touch you unawares. I have some of mv own!" Ah, woe is us.

"Tother day we saw a lady clad in tweeds and brogues, obviously going for a brisk walk. Nothing unusual in that, but instead of a dog to keep her company she had a goat. Yes, upon my word of honor, a goat, trotting along at her heels up the broad, busy Island Highway. We went home thinking that perhaps this life is worth living after all.

Having bought a lot of things for everybody but ourselves, we stood on the corner waiting for that humble but useful public conveyance, a bus. And while we waited, we meditated profoundly upon the saying of a modern philosopher. Now, it would seem that human beings of all races, creeds and types are just a bunch of glandular maladjustments. So, who needs to worry, for if our little universe turns upside down, all we need to do is shrug and think that it can't possibly matter to a glandular maladjustment, anyway.

From these heights we were brought back to mundane matters by the sight of a Japanese girl. This lass of the East was dressed in sports clothes, but made ludicrous by an afternoon dress fluttering on the pavement. But I doubt if any woman in her right mind would not have envied her the material in that dress. It was heavy crepe of a vivid Nile green embroidered in gold thread with tiny gold dragons. We wondered if it were worse to have too many ideas than not enough, or none at all.

In writing a column, one is more or less dependent on Major Bowes' Wheel of Fortune:

"Round and round she goes,
And where she stops
Nobody knows."

For this mess of pottage, Believe-it-or-not Ripley brings us some "interesting facts about dogs," animals not feet.

Much interest nowadays is centred in them furrin' nowads of Ethiopia. Once upon a time, there was a dog crowned King of Ethiopia with all due pomp and ceremony. We have heard of miraculously wealthy monarchs marrying their monkeys (to each other) with elaborate ceremonies. Very good for our relatives' morals, no doubt, but not to be compared with the royalty of dogs. King Dog's loyal subjects paid him homage and obeyed his edicts which were signified by a wag of the tail for approval and a bark for disapproval. It would be most unfortunate for Il Duce if Haile Selassie were a mind-reading dog.

There is one of such dogs alive today, valued at \$100,000.00. His owner once tried to, but could not, sell him for a mere two bucks. Apparently Providence was saving him to baffle psychologists—after all, why not?

But speaking of Imperial Families and, Edward VII's doggie was allowed to lie beside the royal coffin and in the funeral procession took precedence before all kings and princes. We could almost wish to turn ourself into a peline and hunt out the soft lap of a mandarin. Speaking of sitting, might we suggest to Mr. Prowse, very humbly of course, that it might be a good idea to give prizes to the mightiest Tuck-sitter. It would be good for the clothing business, help to restore prosperity, and after all, why should flag-pole sitters get all the publicity with exams just around the corner.

We are as bad as Claudius, who, despite the teachings of Athenodorus, veered in his writing with every wind which blew. To return, blown on an ill-wind, to dogs. When Bulgaria gained her independence, trouble there was in selecting a ruler who had something outstanding to distinguish him. Prince Alexander claimed that he had a national song which would draw the people together. The Archbishop selected him as the future king and gave him permission to go to London to wind up some affairs.

We next find him in a typical London music hall, despondent and despairing of ever finding a suitable song. A young lady came on the stage to sing "Daddy Wouldn't Buy Me a Bow-wow." Alexander immediately returned Bulgaria, was crowned king, and amid a solemn hush Bulgaria's national anthem was first heard. It was the tune of that music hall song with suitable words. So the ever-faithful animal, dog, inspired a song, inspiring loyal subjects.

"Time Marches On."

JIM AND BILL

Bill Jones was cynical and sad;
He thought sincerity was rare;
Most people, Bill believed, were bad
And few were fair.

He said that cheating was the rule;
That nearly everything was fake;
That nearly all, both knave and fool,
Were on the make.

Jim Brown was cheerful as the sun;
He thought the world a lovely place,
Exhibiting to everyone
A smiling face.

He thought that every man was fair;
He had no cause to sob or sigh;
He said that everything was square
As any die.

Dear reader, would you rather be
Like Jim, not crediting the ill,
Joyous in your serenity,
Or right, like Bill?

—F. P. A.

WE ARE, ROUGHLY SPEAKING, SEVEN

By G. B. Stern

(Reprinted from The New Yorker)

We all know only too well the formula in use among novelists of combining any number of irrelevant characters by placing them in the same residence, business, mode of transport, social occasion, or common catastrophe. Among examples in the last few years, you'll recall "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," in which the common bond was that they were all hurled to destruction at the same moment; "Grand Hotel," in which they all stayed in the same tavern in Berlin, but were otherwise not related; "Street Scene," "Dinner at Eight," and many more.

This formula probably originated before Chaucer, but in my opinion it got its latter-day impetus from Wordsworth in his poem, "We Are Seven." I hazard a bold and brilliant theory that he visualized the parents of the child who prattled to him so engagingly as baby farmers on quite a large scale, and that it was merely the child's delusion that the other six morons and semi-morons she mentions, conscientiously counting them up wrong each time on her fingers and toes, were her brothers and sisters; they were not her kin at all, but offspring of much-too-casual parents who at one time or another had placed them in the charge of Mr. and Mrs. We-Are-Seven. Let me suggest a list of them:

The Casabianca Child,
The Schooner Hesperus child,
The Papa's Letter child,
The Child-Musician,
Little Boy Blue,
The Erlkonig child.

These innocent mites seem to have polished themselves off with curious suddenness soon after they were removed from the charge of Mr. and Mrs. We-Are-Seven, baby farmers, and their legitimate parents resumed responsibility. Statistics prove that the figures of infant mortality, in poetry, are exceptionally high. Hitherto we have accepted this with resignation and tears. They were always too good to live, we said. But if you investigate the matter in a stern, clear, practical spirit, you will find that the parents were to blame in each case. Either they exhibited the most criminal carelessness or else their purpose was fundamentally infanticide.

Examining the cases, one by one: The skipper of the schooner Hesperus, for instance, obviously not weather-wise himself, likewise paid no heed at all to the warning of the old sailor:

"Last night the moon had a golden ring,
And tonight no moon we see!"

He seemed fatuously determined, golden ring or no golden ring, to have his Little Daughter along with him, and could give no good reason for this save that her bosom was as white as the Hawthorne buds that open in the month of May. The child herself seemed listless, and meritoriously free from engaging prattle; she hardly opened her

rosebud mouth. Probably she didn't like the sea.

That other skipper's child, Casabianca Junior, has demonstrated once and for all, by the manner of his demise, that obedience is an undesirable thing in children. Skipper Casabianca's parting directions to the lad, though he cannot have foreseen the degree of literal idiocy with which they would be interpreted, certainly do not betray a high standard of common sense.

Of the mental condition of the parent in "Papa's Letter," who in the spirit of pleasant waggery uses up a perfectly good postage stamp by licking it and plunking it upside down on the child's forehead, we say nothing. The mother's only excuse may have been that God knows she had been trying to get her letters written all that morning ("Writing letters, is 'ou, Mamma? Tan't I write a letter, too?"), and she foresaw grimly that thus stamping the child might lead to the post office, that road-crossing, those maddened horses, and subsequent peace in the home.

"But the eager face was clouded,
As I slowly shook my head,
Till I said, 'I'll make a letter
Of you, darling boy, instead.'"

And that did the trick.

You remember the situation in which the Erlkonig Child found himself:

"Wer reitet so spat durch Nacht und Wind?"

Es ist der Vater mit seinem Kind."

But surely der Vater was ill-advised to lug an ailing child through a dark forest in night and wind. For, mind you, the legend of the Erlkonig was perfectly well known in that well-timbered district. However, as in the case of the mother and the postage stamp, he may have secretly desired this contretemps to happen.

The hardened, avaricious parents of the "Child-Musician" turned out their tender babe to earn money with his little fiddle, because it was the fashion of the levees of that period to have child musicians.

"He played for his lardship's levee,
He had played for her ladyship's whim."

Till the poor little head was heavy,
And the poor little brain would swim."

though heaven knows, his lordship must have got sick of the very sight of him standing there, squinting and knock-kneed, scraping away on the strings, producing squeaky strains of "The Rosary" or "Marble Halls." I pondered deeply on which levee and what period. Could levee be a poetic euphemism for "studie"?—"Have we got that blasted kid on a contract? We have? Who the hell?—sure, sure, I know he was the big draw once. Fire him!" And the executives thought he said "Tire him!" and kept the blessed child at it until:

"Make room for a tired little fellow,
Kind God!" was the last he said.

You will agree that it is difficult to understand about the parents of "Little Boy Blue." Even if they were fond of their child, they must have been senti-

mentalists of such a sickly hue that the brain turns pale green on contemplation:

The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and staunch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket moulds in his hands.

Time was when the little toy dog was new,
And the soldier was passing fair;
And that was the time when Little Boy Blue

Kissed them and put them there.
"Now don't you go till I come," he said,

"And don't you make any noise!"

So, toddling off to his trundle-bed,
He dreamt of his pretty toy;

And, as he was dreaming, an angel song

Awakened our Little Boy Blue. . . .

So they let their Little Boy Blue:

A. Sleep insecurely in a trundle-bed.

B. Poison himself by kissing toys made out of lead.

Finally, one cannot too strongly censure the baby farmers themselves, Mr. and Mrs. We-Are-Seven, for constantly allowing their own fuddled child, after so many removals and catastrophes, to take her little porridge out to the churchyard and eat her supper sitting on the graves. The proceeding is wholly morbid and unhygienic. Anyhow, the girl should have been rubbing up her mathematics instead; her school reports, which research has recently excavated, speak of them as her "weak point."

"Two of us in the churchyard lie,
And two are gone to sea. . . .

And several more are staying with auntie.

And—wait a moment—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer have three or four on location,

And then there's myself, of course."

"And that makes how many?"

"How many? Seven in all," she said,
And wondering looked at me.

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in

'Bonnie Scotland'

and

VIRGINIA BRUCE

in

'Times Square Lady'

The Management and Staff of the Princess Theatre wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year

THE CALICO CAT

And now that everything is past but the festivities—and we have all conveniently allowed every scrap of supposedly-absorbed knowledge to go drifting away into some far oblivion—there would seem to be nothing to do but think nice comfortable thoughts about the future. And if there's anything I get a bang out of doing it's dealing in futures.

First of all, there's Christmas. The only difficulty with it is that as soon as you mention Christmas you find yourself faced inevitably with that old bugbear Yuletide Spirit, and the necessity of scattering innumerable rays of sunshine wherever you go; and somehow, when you've just gone into comfortable hibernation after weeks of cramming, the humanitarian element in the best of us seems to reach an awfully low ebb. And then there's Santa Claus and all he requires of his devotees, what with last minute struggles with red tissue paper and silver ribbon. As someone so cheerily defined it: "Christmas Eve is called Holy night because that's when all the people hang up their stockings." It just made us wonder a bit. But whatever Christmas means to you, it's a grand day for a certain cat—to be exact, the third cat from the left, the one with the mistletoe tucked behind her left ear. And why? Because on that one day alone is there a dandy excuse for spurning milk—and taking to stronger things—and supreme contentment comes to a cat at that moment when she can curl up behind the couch and dream heavenly dreams while sleeping off the effects of a good stiff egg-nog. Take it from a cat who knows.

Then when the big day is mere memory, and most of the spirit has drifted far away, comes that awful

wild time known as Going Down to Change My Presents. The less said about this phase in the development of civilization the better, as it's bound to be pretty painful, particularly when you run into dear Cousin Tabitha just as you are in the act of returning the horrible cake plate she'd sent you.

As for the night of December 31st, shall be just be a bit discreet? After all, I am a cat as can hold her tongue.

And then it all starts over again—the mad tearing around, and the frantic declarations that This Term everyone's going to work every day, so that finals will prove just another form of innocent amusement. This phase is guaranteed to last a week, after which time everyone leaves the library and heads for town to see all the good shows—and most of the punk ones. And so it goes on and on.

But some things do change. For instance, the demands of the tourists of the aborigines. Time was when any string of beads would bring a huge price because I Bought It From a Native. But no more! Tourists are getting just too darn picknickety for words. News has trickled up from New Mexico regarding the steps the government has had to take as a result of anti-Nazi feeling among the travelling citizenry. Hotel men have sent scouts out among the pueblos to lay up all the swastika dies they can lay their hands on, and retire them. Tourists don't want trinkets in the swastika shape, and native silversmiths don't read the papers. They make what their grandfathers made in the way of art objects, and can't be made to change as long as they get their hands on the patterns. It does seem a trifle sad that a tank-town corporal can become so ridiculously important.

What to Give Him

Girls, my heart bleeds, my soul cringes, my head aches, I get feeling more pathetically helpless; more nastily like a dead jelly-fish every minute. More and more regret the day of my nativity, and I know you all are feeling likewise, or possibly worse. Time speeds on apace, and womanhood's greatest problem looms. In comparison the Christmas exams are so much birdseed.

What, oh what, are we going to give the boy-friend as a Christmas present? So help me, I don't know. Upsetting, isn't it? To say the least. Oh shucks! Oh, hell! Yoiks and tantivy! Yeah, me too.

By omitting sleep, by living on nothing but toothpicks, water and finger-nails, by making a foul nuisance of myself, I have reached the following conclusions and dug up the following simple suggestions. First and foremost, and I probably am not telling you something you don't already know, do not give him socks, ties, pajamas or anything along that line. He knows and you know and you know that he knows that you know that he won't wear them after the first day or so. Don't ask me why. Probably they are laboring under the severe misapprehension that they just can't trust a woman's taste. Mon Dieu!

Unless you have something more than a vague idea of what you are doing, don't attempt to knit a sock or a sweater or something. The sentiment is admirable, but it's a lot of work, and you wouldn't want to inflict something that fits like a tent or a sausage-skin on the poor fellow, now would you?

If he is a pipe-smoker, for heaven's sake, I pray you, don't buy him a new pipe. This is very bad taste. At least, that would be my opinion, although I could be wrong. I was merely going by my own experience in connection with my Dad.

So that one is really up against a barn wall, isn't one? One certainly is. However, here are a few of the suggestions. Cigarettes of his own particular brand are always appreciated. A flask is also appreciated, especially if said flask is not too, too awfully empty. Or, if you go in for the quaint touch, knit him a pair of ear-muffs. My own particular, favorite, especial suggestion is, give him a cute little turtle, or possibly two cute little turtles (on account of them being such companionable little souls). These little animals are truly fetching, and they don't cost much to feed.

There you are, pets. Take your pick or don't pay any attention, as you wish. Just one more thing which is intended to cheer, disperse gloom and do good generally—any old thing will probably be simply perfect in his eyes, just because you're you.

account of Ella has said a whole sentence and not said "yeah" once.

Well, Ella gets it fixed up with the dame's help, and looks pretty classy with her war paint and blue dress on. The bim calls a hack and Ella sets out.

(When she gets there she whips up, takes off her coat, puts some more powder on her snitch and wanders down.) The stag line pipes her comin', and picks up its ears, but Butch body checks the nearest guy and grabs the gal.

"Cheese," says Butch, "I never thought that I'd meet a dame like you through the 'Lonely Hearts.' It just goes to show, don't it?"

Ella forgets her line, which they had decided would be smart like Lynn Fontanne, and says kinda coy like, "yeah."

"Did anyone ever tell you that you had swell lamps, babe?" Butch asks sorta tender.

"Yeah," says Ella, and Butch looks startled on account it wasn't the answer that most of the bims made. He decides that maybe she is different, and has somethin' besides looks.

Anyway, he goes on handin' her the usual line which Ella takes in her stride, and begins to think that maybe she is the dame he wants to make his coffee in the mornin' for the rest of his life.

Just as he's about to pop the question Ella spots the ticker, which says twelve bells. So Ella makes a dive for the door, rememberin' her promise. However, she bein' kinda pigeon-toed, she trips over her own feet, and one of the bim's shoes comes off. She decides that she can't wait anyway, since she is only leadin' by a nose, so she jumps into the hack, which is still waitin', the meter now reading \$29.57, and takes it on the lam.

She finally gets home where the other frair is waitin', all burned up by this time. The P.P. tells Ella off plenty, grabs the duds and leaves Ella standin' in her lingerie wonderin' what it's all about.

The next day she feels plenty blue because it seems that she has fell for Butch too. That evenin' she is readin' "Lonely Hearts" and she sees as how this same gent is anxious to meet the skot with the little feet agin, so she decides that seem' as how the other dame has been so mean she will answer.

Butch comes around, they go into a clinch, Butch pops the question, and Ella says "yeah." They all live happily ever after except Butch, who goes broke tryin' to keep the missus in shoes, which it seems have to be made special on account of being so small and cost 15 plunks per pair.

Which is poetic justice, or something.

GUEST ROOM BOOKS

Beside my chaste and downy cot
There stands a goodly number
Of stately tomes of prose and pomes
To lull the guest to slumber.

The verse of T. S. Eliot,
A copy of Ulysses,
As though to say, "No place you'll stay
So cultured as this is."

The works (in French) of Baudelaire,
And Keats' "Epipsychidion,"
And next to it the Holy Writ
Purloined, I fear, from Gideon.

A goodly and narcotic list
Of literary glories,
While down below my host, I know,
Is reading Snappy Stories.

—Newman Levy.

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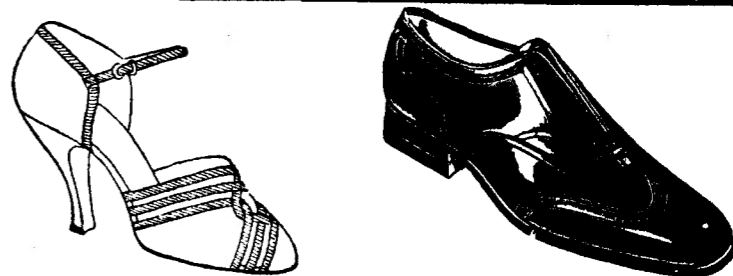
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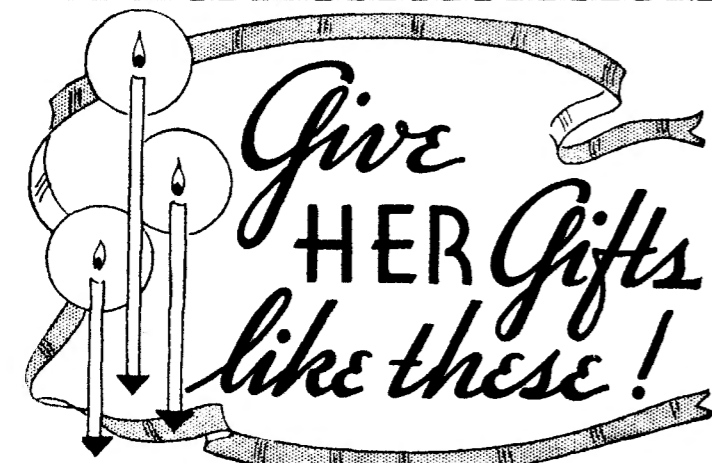
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RIALTO

The Management of the Rialto Theatre extend to all the Students and Faculty of the University of Alberta every good wish for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Showing Thursday, Friday and Saturday, December 19th, 20th and 21st—JOHN STUART, AILEEN MARSON in

"THE GREEN PACK"

From the play by Edgar Wallace

Added feature attractions—TOM BROWN, MARION NIXON in
"Sweepstake Annie"

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 23rd, 24th and 25th
MARY CARLISLE, LILA LEE, HARDY ALBRIGHT in
"CHAMPAGNE FOR BREAKFAST"

Added feature attraction, GENE AUTRY, ANN RUTHERFORD in
"MELODY TRAIL"

Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26th, 27th and 28th
EDMUND LOWE, ANN SOTHERN in
"GRAND EXIT"

Added feature attraction, KEN MAYNARD, LUCILLE BROWN in
"WESTERN FRONTIER"

Coming, one week commencing Monday, December 30th—Richard Dix, Madge Evans, Helen Vinson, Leslie Banks in "TRANSATLANTIC TUNNEL."

Cinderella in the Modern Mood

Once upon a time in the Bronx there lived a bim called Cinderella. All her pals called her Ella for short on account she had a reputation for being one. Anyway, she is quite a dame, with platinum blonde hair, and the best fruit flavored indelible lipstick. But somehow Ella didn't go over so big; maybe she had pink toothbrush or maybe her best friend wouldn't tell her, but anyway she spent a lot of time at home, and her hands were cold.

One day she is feelin' low because that night the Beer Hoister's Society is havin' a hop and no one has come through with a bid. She has two sisters, awful frowsies, but they're goin', and they gives Ella the ha-ha because she is stayin' home. This burns the kid up.

That night the sisters start off early on account the street car service is lousy, and Ella sits at home beside the gas radiant, listenin' to Bing Crosby croonin' "Why Was I Born?" and thinkin' how swell it would be to show up late in a Schiaparelli gown with Clark Gable in tow.

Pretty soon the doorbell rings (foiled yuh, it wasn't Clark Gable, it was only a book agent). Well, anyway, after she'd bought the book, "What Every Young Girl Should Know," she settles down to see what's wrong with her technique. Then the doorbell goes again. Ella says, "Pokey to you from me!" and goes on readin' on account of she hasn't learned anything yet and not wanting to get stuck again. But it keeps goin' so she finally answers it. Some dame she'd never lamped before stands there, and after sizin' her up, Ella finally asks the broad in.

"Well," she says, "what're yuh sellin'?" If it's a collapsible rubber bath tub I don't want any; I've got some.

"Hold yer horses," says the floosie, "I ain't sellin' nothin'; I come to do yuh a favor."

"Oh yeah?" says Ella, just like that. "Oh yeah?"

"Yeah," says the dame, "don't get so uppity about it."

"Well, spill it. What's on yer mind?"

"Well, wasn't you the broad I heard wishin' to go to the hop?"

"Yeah," says Ella, kinda expectant like, "yeah?"

"Well," says the dame, "you're goin'."

Ella gets suspicious again. "Yeah?" she says.

"Pipe down," says the dame, "and listen to me for a change, and you pull that 'yeah' stuff on me any more and I'll push your face in."

Ella subsides, and the skirt goes on: "You see, babe, it's this way . . ." Ella stifles a "yeah" and the dame scowls. "As I was sayin', I got a ticket to the hop, but on account of my husband won't let me go I ain't usin' it, so I want you to go and wear this blue dress and these shoes. It's this way . . . yuh know Butch Sweeney, the prize fighter and big shot is gonna be there, and I been writtin' to Butch through the 'Lonely Hearts' Club and told him that I'd come. Only yuh see my husband found one of the letters and won't let me go. See?"

"Yeah," says Ella.

"Pipe down," says the dame once more.

"The only thing that I insists upon is that you wear this dress and these shoes, because I already told Butch what small feet I got, which is a fact. Also you got to come home at midnight, by yourself."

"Okeh," says Ella, "I'll do it."

The dame looks kinda surprised on

THEATRE NEWS

STRAND THEATRE, Sat., Mon., Tues., Dec. 21, 23, 24—Edward Everett Horton in "His Night Out."

EMPRESS THEATRE, Mon., Tues., Wed., Dec. 23, 24, 25—Cecil B. DeMille Presents Henry Wilcoxon in "The Crusades."

PRINCESS THEATRE, Sat., Mon., Tues., Dec. 21, 23, 24—Joe E. Brown in "Bright Lights."

RIALTO THEATRE, Thurs., Fri., Sat., Dec. 19, 20, 21—John Stuart and Aileen Marson in "The Green Pack."

DRINKS DRAW DOZENS

Lured by luscious liquids, lots of lazy learners lounged up to the Varsity rink on Friday night, ostensibly to skate, but actually to devour, consume, drink and otherwise mop up hundreds of bottles of coca-cola. The treat was on the rink, and every person in attendance at the rink was stood to a drink of this cool, refreshing draught. At the specified time the skaters lined up and received their refreshments complete with new-fangled cellophane straws. Some people we know didn't content themselves with one bottle—ask Art how many he had, and many others we could mention.

Perfect ice added to the delight of the revellers, and a full-blooded, or something, brass band was also in attendance. Music—sweet music, ice—gleaming ice, bottles—full bottles of coca-cola—ice-cold coca-cola, pleased the skaters—skating skaters, and everybody left full—very full and happy—quite happy when the last piece of music—good music, had been played—well played. The lights—colored lights, were not operated, as the operator—skilled operator, was at Home—Sweet Home with a cold—bad cold.

THE IDEAL COLLEGE MAN

(Continued from Page 6)

a break by letting her decide what you'll do in the evening. She won't appreciate it.

Seven out of 2,000 liked convict haircuts. The rest despised them. On the other hand, don't let your hair grow, boys, and don't forget a neck shave. It's essential.

"The man should be several inches taller than the girl and a bit older," most argued, though a few thought boys of the same height were all right.

Sonny Boy?

"A girl is likely to get maternal when she goes with a smaller person."

"Steady" dates are nice because you don't have to worry about doing nothing over the week-end.

Cigars are out, but pipes are perfect—"and they look as though they taste good, too," one added.

"In general," as one girl put it, "there isn't very much that you boys do right."

CO-ED

(Continued from Page 6)

utterly bad because it excites both girls and boys past the point proper for their ages and habits, and because it gradually debauches a girl who can only hope that her husband will be as successful a necker as other men she has known.

I feel equally strong about drinking. I know of no valid reason why a girl should know how to drink. It will do her no physical good. It will steadily decrease her ability to have a good time without a drink. She should know how not to drink without making a fuss about it or calling attention to herself. . . . She should have one knowledge which perhaps another generation will not find as necessary—how to treat drunken boys and men. . . . It is suitable here to mention also that a girl should know how to control gossip and protect a friend's good name. She should know how to be amusing but to avoid coarseness. She ought to know how to head off a bad story. . . .

She should know how to read. She should be able to get something to rest and stimulate her out of imaginative literature and critical literature. . . . She must know how to be alone. . . . that it is a pleasure to be alone, to have time for a solitary walk, for thought. . . .

She must be able to earn her way, pay her own fare, mark her own ballot, and yet have every quality of feminine companionship.

Sask. News--Rhodes Scholar Chosen

BY BILL KINSMAN

Gateway Inter-Varsity News Service

Although The Sheaf suspended publication for the term on December 1, our Saskatchewan correspondent, Bill Kinsman, has remained faithfully on the job. We take pleasure in extending him our heartiest thanks for his work.—L.L.A.

UNIV. OF SASKATCHEWAN, Dec. 16.—James Donald Weir, son of A. R. Weir, registrar of the University of Saskatchewan, was selected as the 1935 Rhodes Scholar for Saskatchewan. It was announced here Saturday. Mr. Weir entered this university in 1932, and graduated last May with high honors in Geology and the Copland Scholarship for the most distinguished graduate for the year. His uncle, John Weir, now Dean of Law at University of Alberta, was also a Rhodes Scholar at one time.

Mr. Weir's intention is to pursue advanced work in historical geology and in the school of geography.

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to Alberta and its students from your Saskatchewan correspondent.

Undersea Gun

A French inventor has designed a suit and a gun which will enable sportsmen to hunt on the bottom of the sea.—McGill Daily.

BEFORE THE UNIVERSITY



A PEN PICTURE OF THE FIRST LOG CABIN IN GARNEAU

By Nettie Burkholder

Built by Garneau, a French half-breed, on the south bank of the Saskatchewan, just west of the present site of the University. This stood until a few years ago, when it was taken down to make room for modern houses.

Under Bib and Cap

From probie days to graduation is three years of war-training, drilling, fighting, conquering—a melting down and refining, tempering and moulding and rounding out into—the real thing. A graduate nurse! One can only realize this process has been happening to one when the pictures arrive from McDermid's and the oh! and ahs! proclaim the revelation. Just now pictures are the uppermost thought among the senior nurses. In bib and cap and gown—an achievement that comes once in a lifetime.

It is impossible to express all the feelings that went before the camera, but it is easy to understand it is not unmixed with the truest sense of pride. To achieve that status has meant three long years, not like a school term with six or eight weeks holiday—or a Varsity session of 7 or 8 months—or Saturdays or Sundays to play and lounge around in—and all the other holidays thrown in, but a steady full time training. So now, with the finished product for the Year Book and Class Group urging us on to fulfill the course, we hope to win the race.

A meeting of the student nursing body was held on Monday night in the Hut. Yes, who'll forget it. Anyway, the air cleared, and there's satisfaction in that.

Nursing Class '37 were the hostesses on Friday night at the grandest sleigh ride party that ever was. Three big sleighs drove up to St. Stephen's at 8:30, and the crowd tumbled in. Moonlight bells, straw, frosty air and lusty lungs produced a hilarity and frolic that must have stirred all peaceful citizens to a sentiment of youthful mirth, as the spirited horses nosed out a course on the outskirts of town, up and down hill, losing the familiar landmarks of student toil, and emerging into the soft white countryside; then back through other channels and landing up at the Hospital Hut, where a hot bean supper was served, rounded out with pieces of eight and coffee.

Thanks, Class '37. You're great sports.

Rions Un Peu

Un journaliste américain dort paisiblement; un léger bruit l'éveille. Un voleur a pénétré dans la chambre. Le journaliste saute à la gorge du filou, le revolver au poing.

—De grâce, ne me tuez point. Je n'ai rien pris.

—Et tu crois que je vais te laisser partir comme cela? Pas du tout. Je vais te tuer, cela me fera un fait divers sensationnel.

—Oh! vous avez tort, car c'est aujourd'hui mardi, et vous ne paraîssiez que samedi, tandis que les journaux de demain auraient la nouvelle avant vous.

—Tiens, c'est vrai, et je te remercie de me l'avoir rappelé. Pour ta récompense, je te laisse aller; quant au bijoutier que tu croyais sans doute trouver ici, c'est la première porte à gauche; au revoir!—Le Quartier Latin.

DEMOCRACY OR DICTATORSHIP

(Continued from Page 6)

opinion, there is certain to be good government, which will become increasingly democratic government.

If a government is bad, it is more of a reflection upon the governed than upon those who come to the office of government. It means the absence of a sound and restraining public opinion, which again means the absence of a spirit of service. This evidences that the spirit of service is abroad throughout the land.

In Canada, generations past have witnessed the struggle for political freedom, the continuing right of freedom of thought and action, inquiry into things as they are, critical examination of existing beliefs, formulas and institutions, and extensive and daring experimentation. It was the assertion of British rights, and their denial by those in authority, and nothing more, which occasioned the rebellion. The task of

reformers was to win for the people a large measure of political liberty. More fundamental conceptions of liberty and freedom, and emancipation of the masses of drudgery and destitution, have been only partially realized in Acts of Parliament relating to hours of work, settlement of industrial disputes, control of monopolistic interests, old age pension schemes, insurance benefits, and so on.

Today the youth of Canada must stress the various aspects of freedom, and we must indicate in our conviction that the time has come for us to fight new battles in the cause of that kind of freedom which will mean emancipation from the fear of poverty and unemployment by introducing the principles of democratic government in industry and finance. Can the youth of Canada be depended on to fight this battle for economic freedom? This question will be answered in the next few years.

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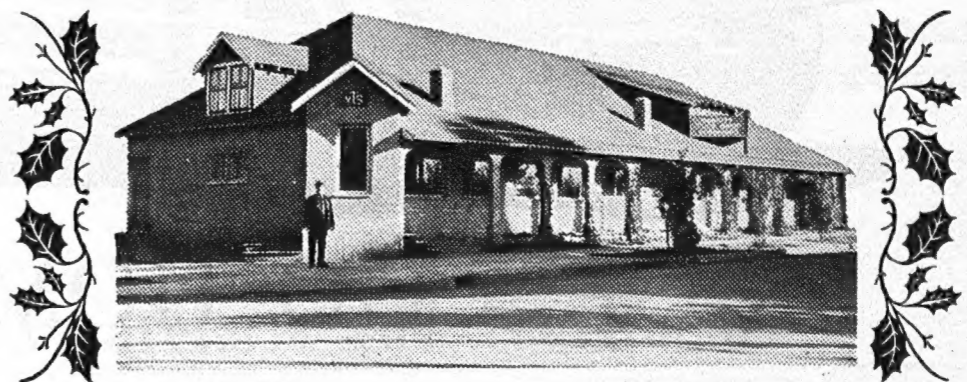
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HOCKEY BRIGADE TO MAKE CHARGE AFTER CHRISTMAS

Co-Eds and Freshmen in Donnybrook

Sticks Fly and Stars Fall as Mac(Wimpy) Jones Shines

A FEW SISSIES

By Ruth Hazlett

Slaughter! Sticks flying, stars falling! Did I hear someone say when? Well, folks, here it is, straight from the shoulder. A hockey game—the Freshman Sissies (millions of 'em), twenty in fact, trying to stand up against the Varsity Co-eds. They came in countless numbers, swarms of the things. I guess the Sissies just can't take it—they changed the line once every minute. But all in all, they did pretty good considering what they were up against. Yes, folks, the co-eds are good; 0-0 was the score at the beginning and at the end.

Centre off. Freshman No. 1 falls down, but he's up in a minute and the game is on. Down the ice goes the Varsity Whiz, Hewitt, checked by Freshmen Nos. 1, 2, 3, 7, 11, but she outdoes them. She's on top of the goal, and the only thing that saves the Freshmen Sissies is the Varsity co-ed goalie, Findley—if not for her, well, just guess.

Away again. Freshman No. 10, incidentally Mac Jones, Sissie Supreme, takes the puck, but up against Toughie MacDonald he hasn't a chance. The boys occasionally get up to the co-ed's goal when those two defencemen of defencemen, Stone and Hazlett, bear down upon them and the Sissies run; but they run right back again, in fact they really tried and did very well considering—the co-eds can't help it if they're good.

What with Barley and Mary MacDonald in there and Goalie Helen Rose making those sensational saves, the co-eds were conquerors supreme.

But all in all, it was one swell game. The boys (not sissies) were real hockey

ATHLETICS

VEGREVILLE TIES VARSITY

ROUGH



BOB ZENDER

Hard rock defender of the Varsity secondary zone, who, in addition to playing a sterling defence game, proved a worry to defenders of the enemy net in the game against Vegreville.

"How are you getting along with your courtship of the banker's daughter?"

"I'm getting some encouragement now—last night she told me she had said 'No' for the last time."—Acadia Athenaeum.

players, and might some day be as good as the co-eds—just keep on hoping, boys.

P.S.—Jack Talbot, coach of coaches, aided the girls.

This game was arranged by Mac Jones, so here's to you, Mac, from the girls' team, "Thanks a lot!"

Rival Goal Keepers Star as Opposing Forwards Are Completely Baffled--No Score

Bill Stark, Bob Zender and Jack Talbot in Starring Roles as Vegreville Snipers Foiled

FORTIER GOOD

Making an impressive come-back following their defeat at the hands of the Hillas Electric crew in their previous encounter, Varsity's Golden Bears, skating and shooting with the skill of big league performers, were held to a scoreless draw by Vegreville Rangers in a game at Varsity rink a week ago Tuesday.

Varsity's sterling defence was matched by an equally formidable secondary line of defence offered by the Vegreville team.

Perfect goal-tending at Varsity rink forced an exhibition game between the Vegreville Rangers and the Varsity Bears to a scoreless draw Tuesday night.

Determined to avenge their defeat at the hands of Hillas Electric last Saturday, the Varsity team started at a fast clip and kept the play well within the Vegreville zone, but were not able to make good their many scoring chances. When it seemed that one of the sizzling shots on the net must get past the indomitable Laurel Harney, Bill Scott was penalized for tripping.

This effectually stopped the Varsity attack, and when Jack Talbot followed Scott to the benches for the same offence a few seconds later, Vegreville had a great chance to score. They showered Goalie Tallman with shots from all angles, but were not able to get any past him. Bill Stark, Jack Dunlap and R. Basarab managed to keep the puck in centre ice for the remainder of the sentences.

Featured by great defence work of both teams the play in the second period saw-sawed back and forth from one end to the other without either team getting many shots on the net.

Varsity forwards made a determined effort to score in the third period, but they met a stonewall defence on every sortie to their opponents' net. Breaking away at his own blue line, Paul Kalmatski of Vegreville made a solo rush the entire length of the ice and seemed to have beaten Tallman, but the goal judge decreed that he had not.

Varsity—Russell Tallman, Bob Zender, Bill Stark, Jack Talbot, Jack Dunlap, R. Basarab, George Fortier, Bill Scott, Nick Woyewitka, Earl Lane.

VEGREVILLE—Laurel Harney, Jack Levski, Bill Onyfrychuck, Bob McKinnon, Paul Kalmatski, Gordon Parks, Harold Trace, Bill Muzzell, Jerry Brown, Dennie MacLeod.

TOUGH



BILL STARK

Husky defence man, who turned back Vegreville attackers with the greatest ease in the game at Varsity rink a week ago Tuesday.

On Wednesday evening at McDougall gym the Intermediates lost to Y Apaches in a very dull game.

The Apaches started the scoring with a couple of baskets and during the first half ran up a score of 21-10. Both teams were slow, passes were missed, and shooting was poor.

In the second half the game developed into a series of rushes and misses, Varsity getting the edge on the scoring, but not enough to cut down the Y lead. It was only near the end that the game developed into anything like a basketball game.

Reinhart for Varsity and D. Coutts for the Apaches were the high scorers. Lineups:

Senior Puck Team Busy in January

Coch Talbot Will Lead Charges in Inter Varsity Series

TO MEET SASKATCHEWAN

Varsity students should see some real hockey after Xmas.

With the strongest team the campus has had in years wearing the green and gold this winter, the management has arranged a series of interesting encounters immediately after Christmas.

Outstanding on the bill of fare will be a series of intercollegiate contests. At least four games will be played with the University of Saskatchewan, and there is a possibility that eight may be played.

In any event, at least two games will be played here.

The collegians will journey to Vegreville immediately after the holiday, and will also journey to Lacombe to meet the fast intermediate sextette of that town.

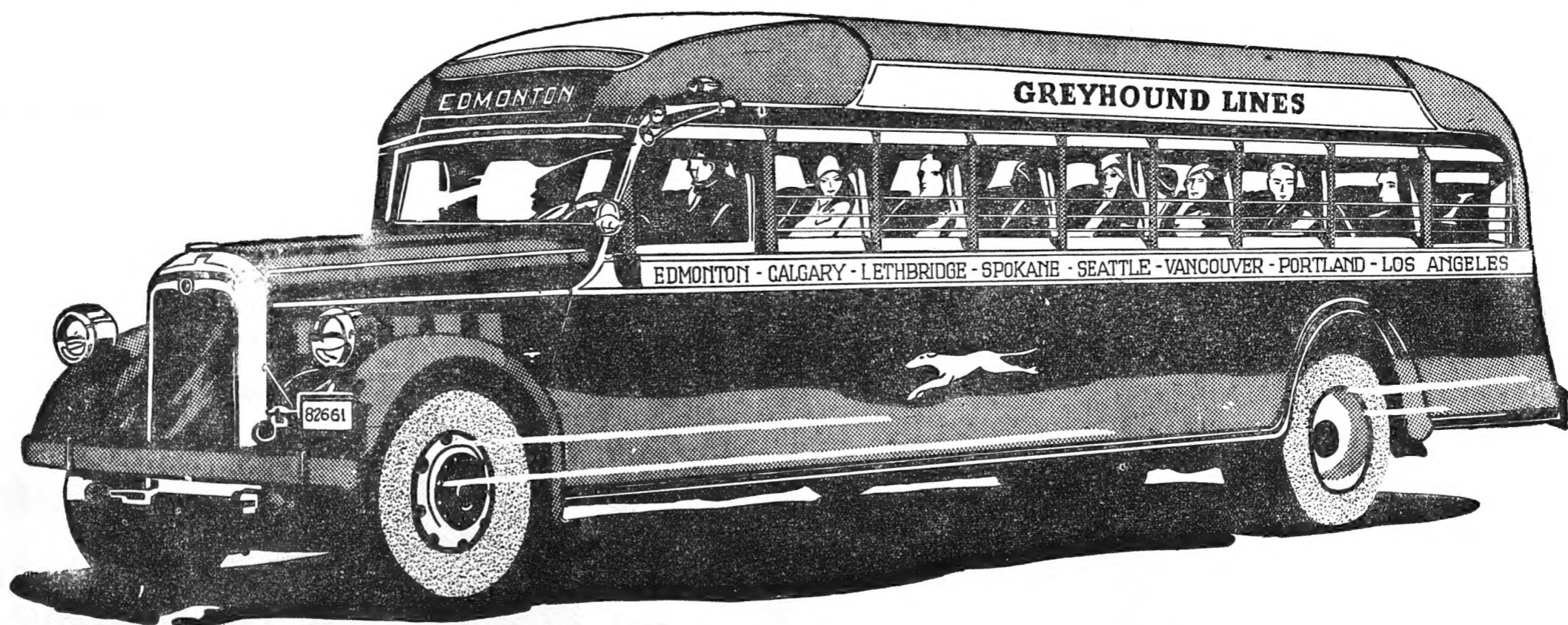
Arrangements have been made to have the campus pucksters enter the Edmonton senior playdowns, and some excellent hockey should be served up when the finals roll around in February.

BARGAIN RATES

Through courtesy of the Greyhound Bus Lines, students returning home for their Christmas holidays will be offered special bargain rates and stop-over privileges. Rates being offered are especially attractive, and all students would do well to look into the offerings before purchasing transportation to their home.

Apaches—Golden (4), Smith (4), D. Coutts (12), Nelles (1), L. Coutts (9), Young (1), Pritchard—total 31.

Varsity—Atkins, Gammon (2), Burke, Ormsby, Shillington (7), Reinhart (8), Morton (5), Moscovich (4).



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ATHLETICS

MINOR SPORTS FLOURISH—

Skiing Rivals Sport of Kings for Sheer Thrill

Steep Hills Dangerous For Inexperienced Beginner

BALANCE IMPORTANT

By Edward Barlow

To a large majority of people the word "skiing" conveys only the picture of a pair of skis, a hill, a hurried descent, interrupted by the occasional fall, brushing off the snow, shouldering your skis and trekking up the hill again. To those who have tasted its real thrill, it means a great deal more. It conjures up endless miles of scenery, towering, snow-capped peaks, dizzy screech slopes, the roar of avalanches, hours of climbing, forbidding descents, impossible turns, crackling log fires, soft snow, sticky Klisters and stickier Med Vox, the thrill of the down hill race, breath-taking speed, the jump, the crevasse, and thousands of other memories.

Skiing has been said to combine all the thrills of flying and alpine climbing, and very few, I think, will dispute this statement after giving skiing a good try. There is the climb, the view, the stillness and grandeur and finally the thrilling run from the summit, over avalanches, down gullies, through timber and on to the trail home to a cheery fire and a good healthy meal.

Our Canadian Rockies present a veritable skier's paradise. Norquay Ski Camp at Banff offers marvellous jumping, downhill and slalom facilities, while at Skoki and Paradise Valley is to be found some of the most beautiful ski terrain in the world. Both places are easily reached from Banff or Lake Louise, and guides, packers and comfortable cabin accommodation can be obtained.

Look Out Below



A daring young man sails through the air

Track Club Leads Other Diversions as All Progress

Soccer Organized for First Time as Interfac

LOOKING BACKWARD

By Hugh John MacDonald (Sports Editor, Tuesday Edition)

Looking back over the sporting activities of the last semester, particularly in the field of minor sports, we may regard the season as having been extremely successful.

Perhaps Track activities rank the highest. This sport has shown more vigor and enthusiasm this year than it has for several. We can possibly attribute it to two chief factors—first, the interest shown by track enthusiasts of other years, including the energetic action of the executive, and secondly, to the interest shown by new students and to the uncovering of a number of fine athletes who are new to the Alberta track team. One of the finest inter-varsity track meets in years was staged on the campus, in which a number of new records were set. Alberta's showing in this meet was very estimable.

Soccer, for the first time, organized as an interfaculty sport. Only because of the early snowfall was its season curbed. If support increases as much in the next two or three years as it

did this fall, soccer will be rightfully claiming rank among the major athletics.

On the tennis courts Alberta gained victory. An active tennis season culminated in the winning of the Hardy Trophy at the tournament against the University of Saskatchewan in Saskatoon.

Boxing has enjoyed, and is enjoying, an energetic season. Over twice as many students have enrolled this year as formerly. Among the newcomers are both tenderfeet and sordoughs. The club has displayed both fighters who are interested in perfecting their skill and those who are devoted to learning the manly art. Perhaps this club, for its size, is making the greatest contributions to student sports.

Its co-activity, that of wrestling, has also taken a new lease of life. Though severely handicapped by lack of space, the club has its full quota of enthusiasts.

The Skiing Club and the Badminton Club have appealed to students as never before.

In conclusion, we can safely say that the past term has been featured in sporting circles by an increasing tendency for students to participate, rather than to act as mere onlookers. This bespeaks well for the future of athletics at the University. We trust it will continue.

Hudson, and Betty Dick; all of these girls are back this year.

Among the new prospects are Catherine and Helen Rose, Caroline Henderson.

Ralph MacDonald is coaching the team again.

Helen Jenkins and Betty Dick are displaying neat diving form.

The swim night has been changed from Wednesday to Tuesday, 8:30 to 9:30, to allow the Varsity Club half-an-hour for individual coaching.

Sport Box

By Paul Malone

Dear Sis and Little Audrey:

You asked me about the Sport Box one day—why I didn't write silly things like I used to. You told me you used to like it the old way, and I am glad you told me because it is nice to know that somebody appreciates you a little bit.

This one is being written a few minutes before I start writing two of my Christmas exams. It should be a thesis and it should be called "The Disadvantages of Being a Gateway Sports Editor and Trying to Study." (Horace was born at Venusia in 65 B.C.)

The only advantage I have obtained by being a sports editor to date is what you told me. Now I am going to write my exams, and I won't be nearly as well prepared as the other students (95 per cent. of them)—all because I spent too many hours trying to put sport pages together so that too many people won't complain at the result. (Real wages are found by dividing money wages by the index of the cost of living.)

There really was quite a bit to write about last year, too, as far as sport was concerned. Although our rugby team didn't win its games, it was really quite a team, with lots of fighting spirit and a real team spirit. It takes a good team to lose, but it takes a better team to win. (There are five grades of labor—unskilled, semi-skilled, skilled, clerical, managerial and professional.)

The intercollegiate track tournament here in November was quite an event, and it brought with it a sports writer from Winnipeg named Cam McKenzie. He was interesting, and told various people startling facts about Winnipeg and about Edmonton newspapermen who used to work in Winnipeg. (Roman Book Trade commenced after the battle of Tarentum in 273 B.C.)

Now, Dear Sis and Little Audrey, there is just time to wish one and all, on behalf of the sports staff—"A right merry Christmas and a right happy New Year."

Sincerely, PAUL.

AND WHAT ABOUT SWIMMING?

So far this year swimming hasn't made much of a splash on the sport page. Has there been anything to splash about?

"Decidedly yes!" says Helen Jamieson, the manager of Women's Swimming.

The majority of last year's team is out again. Turn to your Evergreen and Gold for 1935, and on the Swimming Club page you will recognize Phyllis Mullen, Carmen McRae, Joan

Stars-that Shine



HAROLD RICHARD



BARBARA BURNS

Pictured above are two people you'll be hearing plenty about after Christmas. They are Harold Richard and Barbara Burns, stellar members of the men's senior basketball and the women's senior hockey team respectively. Both clubs will be active in 1936.

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To All We Say

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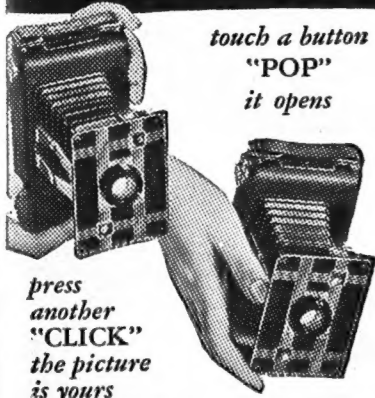
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